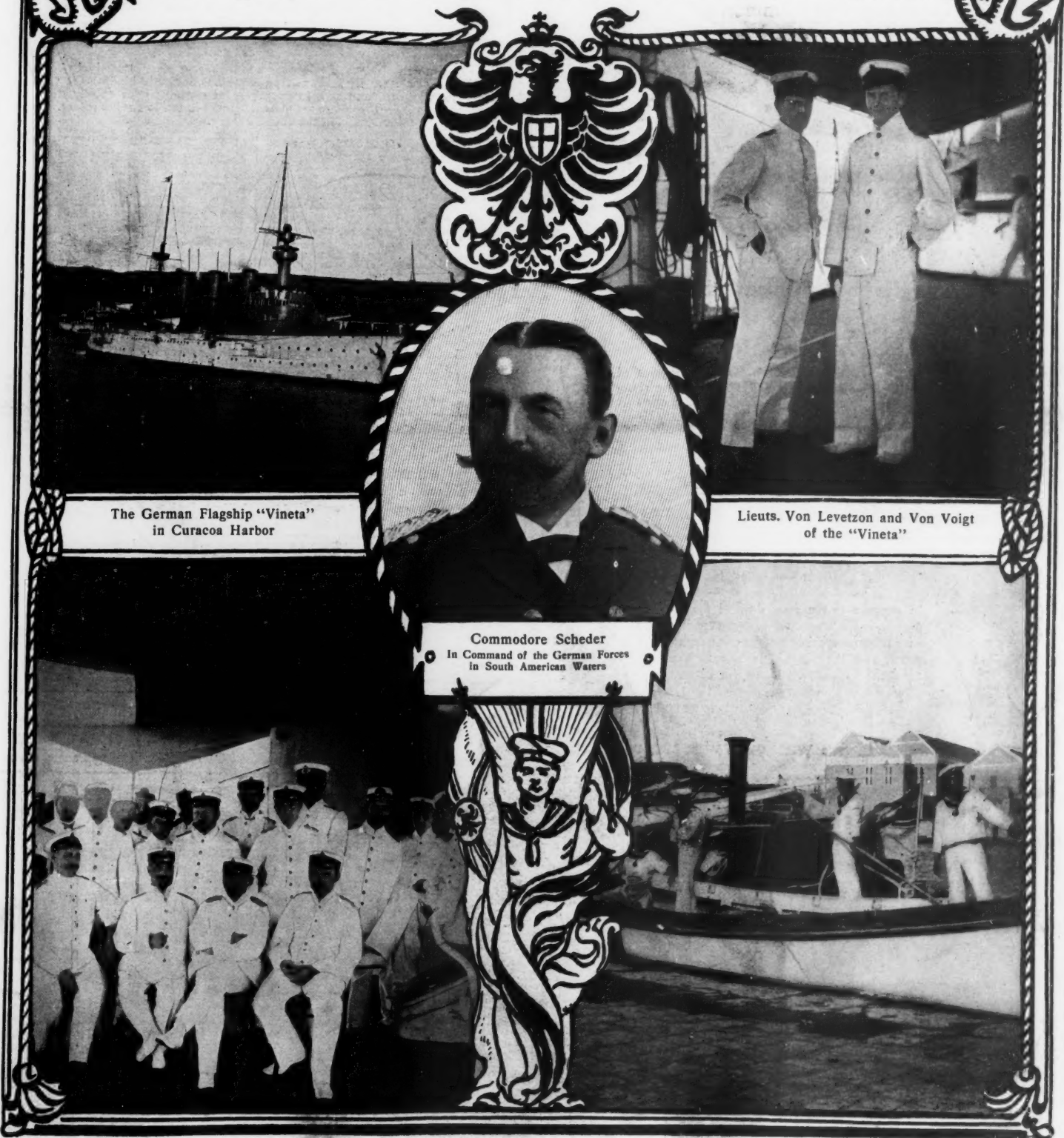


COLLIER'S

For February 7, 1903

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in Curacao Harbor

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of the "Vineta"

Commodore Scheder
In Command of the German Forces
in South American Waters

The Officers of the "Vineta"

A Boat from the German Flagship

WITH THE KAISER'S FLEET IN VENEZUELAN WATERS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD



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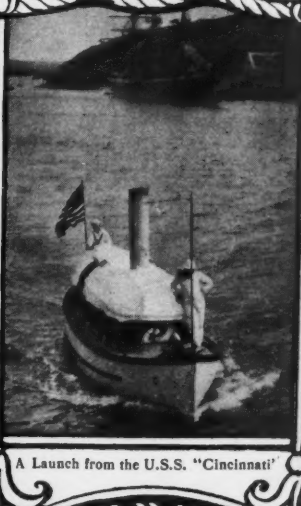
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The Crisis in Venezuela

Photographs of President Castro, his Soldiers and his Advisers, made especially for Collier's Weekly by J. F. J. Archibald, Special War Correspondent in Venezuela



President Castro and the three Vice-Presidents of Venezuela



A Launch from the U.S.S. "Cincinnati"



General Olivares and his Staff at Barcelona



The Barefooted Boy Soldiers of the Venezuelan Army



General Joaquin Garrido
Minister of War



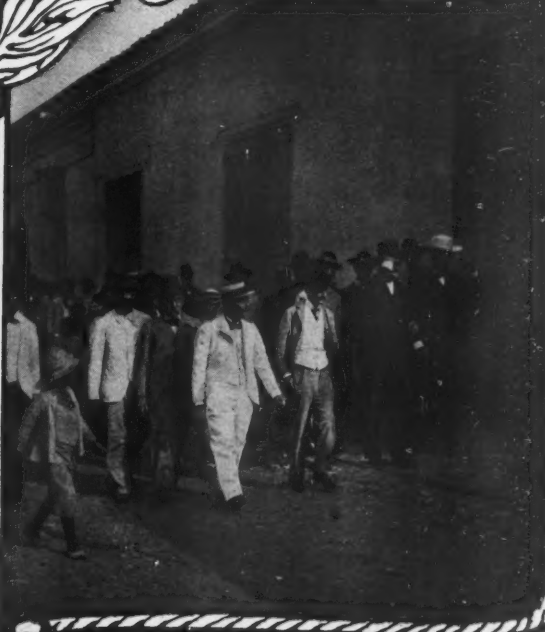
General Olivares Demanding the Surrender of Barcelona by Telephone



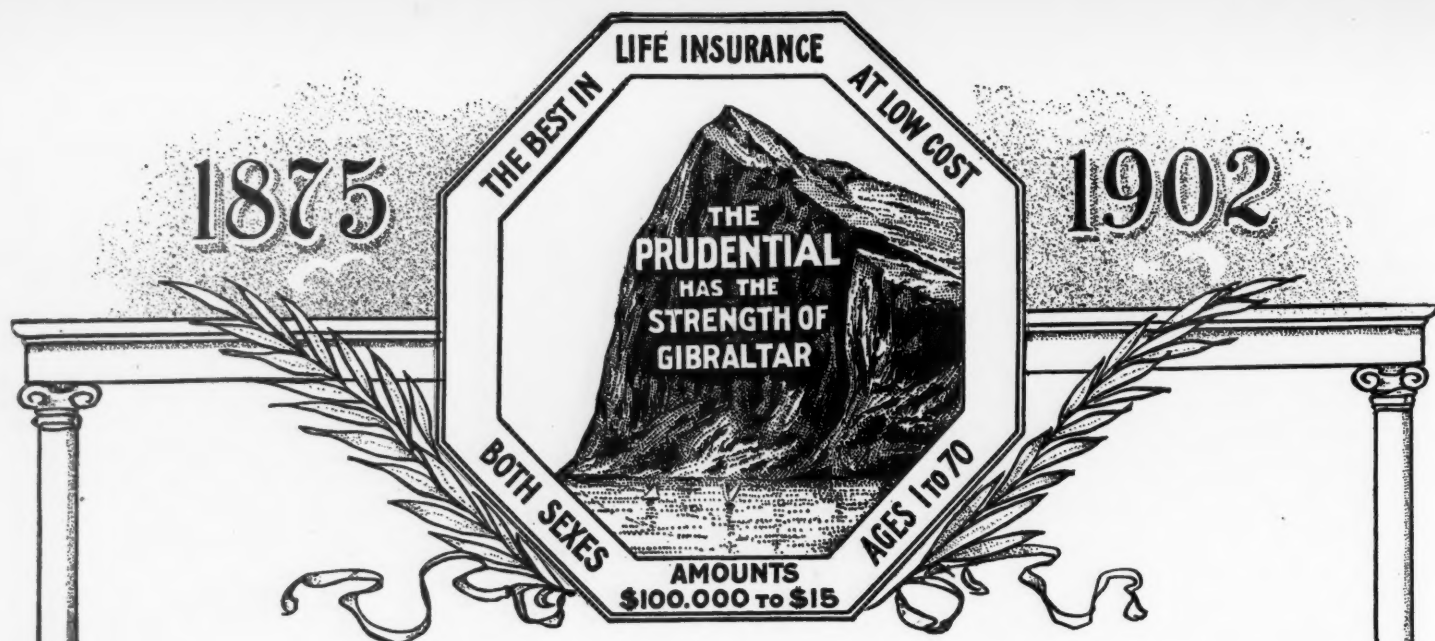
A Distribution of Rations—A Squad of Soldiers Dividing their Supply of Sago



Dr. David Ricardo



General Raymon Ayala (in the white Panama hat) just Released from the Rebe Prison, Barcelona



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OCT 23 1902

To Remove All Misapprehension

The Ladies' Home Journal, in printing on its front cover for February a small sketch by Charles Dana Gibson (not originally drawn for that periodical, but an advertisement, arranged for by the publisher of his annual book), makes the misleading comment that "the original of the drawing sold in New York City for \$80." As we have recently concluded a \$100,000 contract with Mr. Gibson, it seems proper to correct the impression that the *right to reproduce* his original drawings may be had for any such sum as \$80; and, in justice to Mr. Gibson and to the two periodicals which control his work (*Life* and *Collier's Weekly*), we print, with his consent, the above contract, which shows the price paid for his original drawings *at first hand*.



PERHAPS PUBLIC RESENTMENT of the acts of the German naval officers in Venezuela has not been as great as some of the daily newspapers and the Senators and Representatives in Congress, who have no German vote to reckon with, would ask us to believe. The public is less easily inflamed over alleged assaults on the Monroe Doctrine than it was when that principle was vaguely defined in the minds of the world and regarded with contemptuous indifference by the European Powers. The former Venezuelan controversy gave it a station in which it was fixed by the events of 1898. For the present it is safe from attack. Unfriendly Powers will try to evade it as they do the policy which forbids warships from passing the Dardanelles, and the agreements of the various nations to respect each other's "spheres of influence" in Africa and Asia. But such evasions only add to the proof of the general acceptance of the Monroe Doctrine among the Powers. It is always with a "by your leave" addressed to Washington that Germany or England proceeds to chastise South American impertinence, and the process of correction is accompanied by many polite messages of regret and apprehensive assurances that no harm is intended the American policy. When Germany lands troops and seizes territory, it will be time to "send for Dewey."

MONROE DOC-
TRINE NOT
IN DANGER

SUCH PUBLIC FEELING as exists against the conduct of the allies takes the form of indignation that two of the greatest of the world's Powers should have used their strength to bring suffering upon the helpless people of a bankrupt government. About Castro we care nothing. But the unfortunate people of Venezuela have the claim of poverty and weakness upon all humankind. The net result of the blockade was the destruction of a few poor fishing craft and the annihilation of a few score unfortunate peons from starvation, or from the shells fired against the scenic forts of Maracaibo by the valiant *Panther*. A fine business for two world Powers! Germany's part in the miserable affair was peculiarly exasperating. There was no good reason why she should not have maintained a bloodless blockade while the arrangements for arbitration were pending. Great Britain found this possible. But the truculent German naval officers, directed by a truculent war lord, ranged along the coast of Venezuela looking for trouble and making it when it was not to be found. This contempt of court exasperated public opinion, and, though the Venezuelan controversy has been settled without endangering the peace of this country, the sore will remain. The acts of the German navy may restore the "prestige" of Germany, as Count von Buelow remarks, but it is a woful kind of prestige that irritates a friendly nation and makes every future movement of Germany on this side of the Atlantic a cause for suspicion and alarm.

THE BULLIES
AND THEIR
VICTIMS

GREAT BRITAIN'S PART in the affair has been unprofitable and the source of her action is new to the present generation of Englishmen. Although the feeling of the country was opposed to an alliance with Germany, especially in a field where the apprehensions of the United States surely would be aroused, it is generally believed that the movement in Venezuela was initiated by the king himself. This was the matter that called the German Emperor to England a few months ago. The statement is widely published that the two monarchs arranged between them the demonstration against Castro. The story of a meddling "managing king" and an obedient and timid Ministry would seem less probable if an increase in respect for the kingly prerogative and a desire to extend it had not been remarked among the ruling caste in England. Tory politicians of late have been extremely solicitous for the integrity of the king's power over affairs. The rest of England—"the most democratic of monarchies"—looks upon the day of dismissal of cabinets at a whim of his Majesty and the framing of treaties in his Majesty's bed-chamber, as safely past. Queen Victoria, after many unpleasant episodes in which her personal popularity was impaired, became content to sink the greater part of her political power. This was the reason for her later popularity. But persons now living can recall the storm created by the attempts of the Prince Consort to take a hand in politics. He and she were lampooned in a way that would seem strange to a generation accustomed to the unrestrained personal devotion to the royal family that distinguishes the English people. How will democratic Englishmen regard this attempt of the sovereign to reassert the royal prerogative in State affairs behind the protection of personal devotion to the throne? How long will personal devotion survive a series of Venezuelan episodes?

A MANAGING
KING

REED SMOOT IS NOT a name to conjure with except for the newspaper humorists, but it is one of which we are likely to hear more in the next year than we will of Vere de Vere. Mr. Smoot has been elected a Senator of the United States from

Utah against the advice of the President. The Senator-elect, it is conceded, is well qualified by his attainments to take a seat in the Senate, for he is very, very rich. He is a Mormon, which is not of itself an impediment to his entrance to Congress if he does not practice those parts of the Mormon religion that are expressly in conflict with the laws of the land. But it is alleged that Reed Smoot has publicly expressed his belief in polygamy, and it is charged that he must be a polygamist, for otherwise he never would have been chosen as an apostle of the Church. The enemies of Mormonism are searching for evidence against him, and we shall see whether the Senate takes the same lofty position on the question that the House occupied when Brigham Roberts was thrust from the door. A practically united public sentiment indorsed that action. No general hostility toward Mormonism with respect to its other doctrines exists. If people choose to believe that the Lord revealed himself to Joseph Smith, that is their right. The Mormons are a prosperous, industrious and canny people, who have done some great things. But on the point of public connivance at polygamy, whether it be a religious practice or a felonious redundancy, the good common-sense as well as the religious sentiment of the country is firm. Polygamous Mormonism will be fought at every turn. It is absurd for Mormons to protest against the exclusion of their polygamous representatives from Congress as a violation of freedom of worship. As well might a Thug ask to sit in Parliament or a Boxer plead immunity from punishment because he followed the dictates of his conscience in burning and pillaging. The laws against polygamy are based upon the first requirements of civilization, and they greatly antedate in political and scriptural authority the revelations to Joseph Smith. The Senate owes it to the country to scrutinize closely the position of Apostle Reed Smoot on this question, and to reject his illustrious name if by any chance its acceptance would threaten to encourage the practice or preaching of polygamy in Utah or elsewhere.

THE CASE
OF SMOOT

THE ELECTION OF a United States Senator from Colorado recalls the time when John A. Logan strode into the State Senate at Springfield, Illinois, seized a Republican Senator who was prepared to help the Democrats make a quorum, and marched him from the chamber. In Colorado an armed guard was stationed around the capitol, the representatives slept on their desks with six-shooters as pillows, and scaling ladders and ropes were at hand to facilitate the movements of the parties from the House to the Senate and back again. We are a spirited people, especially those of us who live in Colorado, where the free and frequent use of the hammerless gun has not become wholly a tradition of political controversy and social intercourse. It must please the President to know that one of his rough riders was a prominent figure in the warlike movements incidental to the re-election of Senator Teller. Such is the merit of a good example. We expect to see many of these brisk young fellows shoot their way into office in the next ten or twenty years. But Colorado has not been alone in making a Senatorial election the pretext for a return to the simple, pastoral argument of assault with a deadly weapon. In Delaware a newspaper has rather plainly intimated that the attempt to frustrate the ambition of the great Mr. Addicks might lead to a lynching. The anti-Addicks men were not dismayed by the threat. They answered in the terms we once heard from the lips of a German alderman who was warned that lynching might follow the passage of an ordinance: "Gentlemen, we are not here for dose purpose." The Addicks opposition thus far has remained firm, and we say it is greatly to their credit that they have been able to withstand this man's millions, supported by the candid advice of the President's friend, Senator Hanna. The State of Delaware is a small State—John J. Ingalls used to say it had two counties when the tide was in and three when the tide was out—but it has displayed an encouraging amount of civic virtue against the most impudent, cold-blooded and persistent campaign of bribery that ever was known in Senatorial politics. Addicks may win in the end; but, win or lose, the fight against his money and the influences behind him has been altogether praiseworthy.

ARMS AND THE
SENATOR

CONGRESS HAS BEEN enlivened by a story of bribery or attempted bribery or alleged bribery. The indignation caused in the House by the tale is an encouraging sign of the infrequency of scandals of this nature. Much is said about the "corruption at Washington," and people are disposed to look upon the virtue of the lower House of Congress with a suspicion that is, we think, little deserved. Now and then there may be isolated cases of corruption, and, of course, malign influences of other sorts are at work all the time. But as a general thing it is safe to say that the House of Representatives is beyond reproach on this score. We believe it to be as free from corruption, and perhaps as safe from other forms of objectionable persuasion, as any other popular assembly in the world. Moreover,



let us add, for the benefit of all those who sneer at the buncombe and bombast of the popular branch of Congress and for the enlightenment of the lofty souls who hold a political career in contempt, that in sagacity, industry and the achievement of positive results, it

HONESTY IN WASHINGTON

far surpasses the British House of Commons, with which it is so often brought into a humiliating comparison. Whatever else may be said about our Representatives, they are honest and they are capable. Their errors are errors of taste and rhetorical adroitness, but deference to the customs of polite society and observance of the laws of rhetoric are not indispensable when real work is to be done.

THE DISSATISFACTION of the people of the South over the President's action in the Indianola case, we are not surprised to find, is very widely reflected in the North. Some of the President's most faithful followers have criticised his action adversely, and these critics number among them a good many people who believe that the attitude of Southern white men toward the negroes is needlessly harsh and who regret that some means can not be found to punish the men who terrified the colored postmistress, Mrs. Cox. There was no way by which these people could be disciplined without punishing the innocent as well as the guilty, but this is not the first time the President has been face to face with a situation which he could not help.

THE INDIANOLA CASE

In this case, in eagerness to inflict punishment upon a few men, and perhaps to enforce his reasonable belief in equal political rights for both races in the South, he has deprived the whole community of the benefits of the postal laws. He has subjected many unoffending people at Indianola and elsewhere throughout the country to great inconvenience. The damage is not so severe as to arouse general indignation. Indianola is a small place, and few people send letters there or receive letters from there. But the principle is the same as if the President had the power to close the post-office at New York and used it because Mr. Van Cott had been badly treated by his neighbors. It is this arbitrary use of his authority that most people resent who cordially sympathize with Mr. Roosevelt's efforts to elevate the position of the mistreated black man of the South.

IN NEW YORK NOT LONG AGO a discussion was started with the District Attorney leading for the negative on the question: "Are there any square gamblers"—that is to say, "are there any professional gamblers who always and in all circumstances play fairly?" Mr. Jerome contended there were not, and we did not see that he was convincingly answered. We invite all young men who are foolish enough to think they can find an easy road to wealth through a gambling den, to consider the chances against them. In the first place, there are the chances fixed by the rules of the game, which vary but are always regulated to bring the "house" out far ahead at the end of the year. Then comes the question of the fairness of the play. Remember that the professional gambler is an outlaw and a social outcast, that his greed for money has made him so, that he is perfectly familiar with the tools in his hands, and knows well how to manipulate them to the swift disadvantage of his adversary, and then say how much chance there is that this habitual criminal will permit you to leave his house a victor in the struggle for gain. Moral restraint? He has none or he wouldn't

THE GAMBLER AND HIS WAYS

be a gambler. Practical reasons? The saying runs in the confraternity, "A sucker is born every minute." If he refrains from robbing you it is because by letting you win he can rob your neighbor, and so he makes you the accomplice of his crime. Your time will come. It is inevitable. A man who has deliberately placed himself outside the law and beyond the obligations of society for the purpose of taking your money and the money of donkeys like you, is hardly to be trusted to permit you to walk out of his house night after night with the cash for which he has sacrificed security, peace of mind and the respect of his fellow man. We wish this view, this practical view of the folly of gambling could be hammered into the wooden heads of young men of our generation—that they could be made to see how ridiculous they appear to the eyes of common-sense. For of all the vices that sap courage and corrupt self-respect and lead to various forms of misconduct and excess, we sometimes believe gambling is the worst. We would like to say a word about the young and old men who pay for the expensive offices of stockbrokers, and think they are business men when they bet against the marked cards and double-dealing and sanded boxes of Wall Street, but we leave that for another occasion.

AFTER MUCH DELAY, and in spite of a good deal of secret and open opposition, the Panama Canal treaty has been completed by the Secretary of State and the Colombian representative at Washington. Stated briefly, the treaty grants an exclusive franchise for one hundred years, renewable at the option of the United States in consideration of the payment of \$10,000,000 down and an annual

payment of \$250,000. This will make the immediate cost of the canal \$50,000,000, for \$40,000,000 must be paid to the French company. The treaty declares the neutrality of the canal to be perpetual. All nations will be permitted to use it without discrimination in tolls. The right to land troops is secured to the United States Government "under exceptional circumstances or on account of unforeseen or imminent danger." The United States is also authorized to establish judicial tribunals which shall have exclusive jurisdiction of all controversies between citizens of the United States or between them and the citizens of nations other than the republic of Colombia. Work on the canal is to commence in two years and is to be finished in twelve years. The treaty has been received with general favor by all except the irreconcilable enemies of the Panama route. If the superiority of the Panama over the Nicaraguan line is admitted, it seems to be a very fair and businesslike arrangement. The concessions made by the Colombian Government are a good answer to the report that bad feeling toward this country existed in Colombia because of the landing of marines on the isthmus. The provisions for defending the canal in emergencies are ample to guard the rights of the United States, and the clause covering the protection of the legal rights of citizens of the United States is all that could have been expected. Of course the price is a stiff one, and a good many prudent souls will be apprehensive about the sudden withdrawal of \$50,000,000 in gold from the Treasury surplus. But national enterprises of this magnitude are expensive necessities, and no doubt the money will come back many times over before the century is out.

THE PANAMA TREATY

THE LONDON "DAILY NEWS" discusses with much gravity the question of marriages of American girls to Englishmen. Why do American girls marry Englishmen? and why don't American men marry English girls? The answer is, it says, that American girls travel and English girls don't. "A young lady is always open more to attentions when she is away from home. A kind of halo envelops her." We guess this is not a very wise answer. The question is a familiar one, and the commonplace answer is the right one. It is the prospect of social advancement that lures our recreant daughters from the hearts of oak on this side of the Atlantic. One seldom hears of an American heiress succumbing to the suit of a middle class Englishman. On the other hand, all the charms supposed to adorn the expatriated American girl have seldom melted the difficult heart of an English nobleman without the cash or negotiable securities that ennoble even nobility. We fear the source of these alliances is far less attractive than our good-natured critic thinks. But there is a better answer than we have given to the question. When any one asks: "Why do American women marry Englishmen?" the retort should be: "Generally speaking, they don't."

THE INTERNATIONAL MARRIAGE

THERE ARE SOME enemies of light who, in spite of Mr. W. L. Alden, maintain that Mr. Kipling is not a great poet. Few will go so far as to deny that he is a mighty provocative person. It is at least certain that, more than any other living poet, he voices the prevailing sentiments of his own people. The British Government had no stronger defender than Mr. Kipling in the South African War. Now the Anglo-German imbroglio proves how formidable he can be in opposition. Even in these days of the "new diplomacy" and elevation of literature as a calling, it is exciting to hear a chancellor discussing a poet as a factor in international relations. The power of Mr. Kipling is not to be measured by the artistic quality of his verse. In fact, he wishes it to be known that he is often deliberately inartistic. That he rarely miscalculates the effect of a political manifesto is another proof of the unique position he occupies with respect to a majority of his countrymen. He is the elect spokesman of the great middle class, who know and can learn no other tune than "Rule Britannia." The poetry he gives them is the kind they like and understand. Naturally it is a roaring success in the music halls where the "vulgarized British middle class," as Matthew Arnold called them, takes its somewhat brutal recreation. To be a music-hall Tyrtaeus of the height of Kipling is perhaps better than to wear the laureateship of Pye and Austin. Call it what you please, his verse is the voice of England, the voice that has made her greatness and covered the world with the emblems of her power. Mr. Kipling is a better student of history than his critics. He has taken his stand with the genius of his race. Already he has set his mark, and deeply, in some recent memorable history. The verdict of the future may be that this page is one that does little honor to the nation. No matter—the poet is content to be condemned with his country. According to strictly English precedents he has chosen wisely for his future fame. For in the resonant words of Macaulay, in speaking of the elder Pitt, he has been foremost among those who "bid England be of good cheer and hurl defiance at her foes."

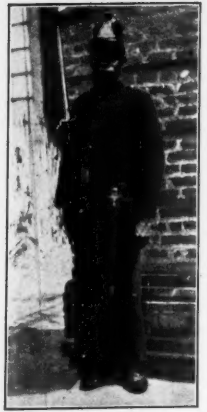
THE POWER OF KIPLING



The Sentry—

Venezuela and Her Enemies

By James F. J. Archibald, Special War Correspondent for Collier's Weekly



—at the Palace Gates

IT IS DOUBTFUL if there has been an international complication that is so difficult to understand as the one which now holds the interest of the diplomats and of the public. The "peaceful blockade" of the ports of Venezuela continues and is punctuated every few days by the inspiring sight of great and powerful warships pouring shot and shell into defenceless forts or villages and then sending out reports of their victories. The Germans hold the attention of the world while the English and Italians have allowed themselves to be overshadowed by their more aggressive ally, and are evidently keenly awake to the shame of their position, but lacking in the sufficient moral courage to withdraw from an alliance which is fast making them ridiculous in the eyes of the entire world. It is quite impossible to forecast the future, for each day the action of the blockaders is more illogical than the day before. The spectacle of the German Government coming humbly to Washington, hat in hand, and begging permission to establish a peaceful blockade and then starting on a course of war and bloodshed, is both amusing and serious. There must be a limit to the forbearance of the American Government, and to one who has followed the methods of the Germans in South American waters it would seem that the limit had almost been reached.

Germany's Apparent Intentions

Germany has not the resources to contract a war with the United States, but seems to be trying to see how far she can go without causing a rupture of the relations which have been so friendly. No matter whether the American Government is seriously drawn into the difficulty or not, I am fully convinced that the South American republics could take good care of themselves in the event of any attempt on the part of Germany tending toward territorial aggression. I have spent some time in the field with the Venezuelan army and find them a force little understood. In the event of war they could throw the twenty thousand men now under arms against an invasion, a force made up of men who know no fear of danger or death, and, above all, who are immune. The yellow fever would constitute ninety per cent of the actual strength in the de-

fence of the country against an invasion from any northern nation. Very few foreigners escape the dread disease, and no amount of care will prevent its prevalence. Besides her force now in the field, Venezuela could call out about one hundred thousand men, well trained in their own peculiar style of warfare; she would also receive assistance from her sister republics, for the present crisis has made all other South American countries alive to the possibilities of future trouble. The diplomatic and consular corps in Caracas are profiting by the situation and are making representations to their various governments relative to the necessity of uniting against any foreign aggression.

England not Wholly Blameless

Patriotism is one of the strongest characteristics of the Venezuelan people, and should the country be threatened by an invasion, the revolutionists would join in the defence. Public opinion in this country blames Germany alone for the unfortunate acts in connection with the blockade of the Venezuelan ports, but England should receive her full share of the blame so long as she lends her strength to prolonging the state of affairs existing in the Caribbean waters. Germany may be admired for the bold stroke she is attempting, but England and Italy can only be pitied for the weakness shown in allowing themselves to be drawn into this great scheme of the ambitious young ruler. Germany is undoubtedly testing the endurance of the American Government in regard to the idea of European aggression in South America; she has already upset many of our pet theories, she has shown the world that we will tolerate far more than we formerly admitted, and if she can sufficiently impoverish the little South American republic to actually prevent a payment of the debt, the last act will probably be an attempt to secure a port and custom house, ostensibly to collect her due, but in reality to establish a naval base. If Germany ever takes a port in Venezuela and attempts to hold it, she will accept a task of unenviable proportions, for the Venezuelans will fight every day of her possession. If she takes a custom house, President Castro tells me that the Venezuelan people will boycott the port, and that he will establish a custom house further inland and collect full duties the second time, thereby preventing any possible imports at that place. Such a course, however, would not make any difference to Germany, as she merely wants the port and not the money. She is sacrificing her great commercial relations and her subjects on the altar of her military ambition. No one suffers to any extent from this blockade except the foreign residents, and of these the Germans and English suffer the most. I was

at our Legation recently, when Herr Blum, the leading merchant of Venezuela, called. As a German, he has been most loyal to his fatherland, but he denounced the political greed in the present operations in no uncertain manner, saying that during the first month he would lose over one million bolivars. The effect of the whole affair has been that of seriously straining the relations between the English, German and Italian subjects and their own countries.

The common people of Venezuela will not feel the blockade, for their main food supply consists of beans and bananas, of which there is an ample supply; but the upper classes and foreigners are liable to suffer keenly if this blockade is continued for any length of time. The supply of flour is exhausted and will have been finished for two weeks by the time this article reaches the public eye; salt is also almost gone—the supply will only last five days longer than the flour. Money is exceedingly scarce, all funds having been withdrawn from the various banks, and, as the government has no other source of revenue than the custom houses, it would be seriously embarrassed had not the merchants and financial men of Venezuela such confidence in Castro and had not the feeling of security and faith in the present Castro Government become so strong.

The Chance for Americans

The trade possibilities in South America at the present time, growing out of the action of the English and Germans, are very great, and if we had a sufficient merchant marine to take advantage of the situation, we could take immediate control of the entire commerce of the southern ports. England and Germany have, in a few weeks of blunders and aggressive acts of war, destroyed a commercial supremacy for which their subjects have worked many years. The arbitrary methods of Germany will ruin only Germans and will tear down only their own work, but, obviously, she is striving for something far greater than commercial supremacy.

Notwithstanding the present troubles which beset Venezuela, there are better possibilities for the investment of capital in that country than in any other place; and the North American will be welcomed.

CARACAS, VENEZUELA, January 7, 1903

From the President to the King

MARCONI'S FIRST WIRELESS MESSAGE FROM THE FIRST AMERICAN STATION AT WELFLEET, MASSACHUSETTS

By H. C. Brown



HE first wireless message from the first wireless station in the United States is now an accomplished fact, and the event marks a momentous happening in the world's progress. The station at Wellfleet is distant from Boston a little over a hundred miles straight down Cape Cod way. It faces the Atlantic Ocean at one of the most dangerous and exposed points on the Cape. It is really at South Wellfleet, which is nothing but a hamlet on the railroad, and the village of Wellfleet is about four miles south. The wireless station is reached by a four-mile drive over sandy roads, across which the wind blows with Arctic-like severity.

This is the second time in which Wellfleet has come prominently before the world, the first occasion being the conclusion of the first voyage of the *Mayflower*. The Pilgrims anchored in the bay, and here was drawn and signed the compact under which they were governed. The Pilgrims landed and explored various points in this neighborhood and Provincetown Bay, and spent a night on the shores of what is now the little town of Wellfleet.

The Pilgrims and Wireless Telegraphy

The Pilgrims finally went further west to Plymouth, where they disembarked. In Colonial days, Wellfleet was a prosperous community, and at one time was third in importance in the commerce of these early days, and for many years was the headquarters of the whaling industry. In this branch it was second to New Bedford, and many of the records of this village have reference to the whaling industry.

The station itself consists of four what might be called miniature Eiffel towers, arranged about one hundred and fifty feet apart in a square. They are firmly imbedded in the sand and reach upward something like two hundred and ten feet. It is from these towers that the messages are sent. An enormous electrical energy is accumulated, and when the message from President Roosevelt was in process of transmission the electrical phenomena produced on these towers was something startling in its manifestation. The electrical balls which were filling the air, rolling off into space, returning back to the tower, etc., created a pyrotechnical effect startling to behold and attracted the attention of the Life Saving Patrol, who immediately rushed up to ascertain if everything was all right.

The knowledge of the immense electrical energy necessary in this plan had also reached the government telephone headquarters, which, fearing that the contact might come in connection with the telephone

President Roosevelt to King Edward

HIS MAJESTY EDWARD VII., LONDON, ENGLAND:

In taking advantage of the wonderful triumph of scientific research and ingenuity which has been achieved in perfecting a system of wireless telegraphy, I extend on behalf of the American people most cordial greetings and good wishes to you and to all the people of the British Empire.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

King Edward's Acknowledgment

SANDRINGHAM, Jan. 19, 1903

THE PRESIDENT, WHITE HOUSE, WASHINGTON:

I thank you most sincerely for the kind message which I have just received from you through Marconi's transatlantic wireless telegraphy. I sincerely reciprocate in the name of the people of the British Empire the cordial greetings and friendly sentiment expressed by you on behalf of the American nation, and I heartily wish you and your country every possible prosperity.

EDWARD R. & I.

wire, hastily sent word to Marconi to know if it was safe to use the telephone while he was using the wireless system. Marconi smiled at the request and assured them everything was all right.

The week's work has been, of course, crowned with the most marvellous success that has so far marked the development of wireless telegraphy. But during its progress there was one half hour which caused Marconi and his assistants the greatest anxiety and uneasiness.

Before leaving Glace Bay Station, Marconi had arranged that the Wellfleet Station was to be called up at three o'clock the following Saturday, at which time he fully expected to have it in working order. In fact, according to his plans, the apparatus at Wellfleet was perfected, and at three o'clock the expected message from Glace Bay was awaited with intense eagerness. Its receipt meant the elimination of much doubt and uncertainty as to the future, and removed at once the possibility of months of exhausting labor. Its failure

to come meant precisely the opposite. So it can be imagined that when no message was received as arranged the party was sorely depressed in spirits. Recourse was then had to land wires. Manager Vivyan at Glace Bay was called up, and much relief was experienced when it was ascertained that through some misunderstanding the Glace Bay Station thought they were to receive and that Wellfleet was to send.

When this was explained, and the misapprehension corrected, a later hour was arranged for the test. Promptly at the new hour agreed upon, the signal from Glace Bay was distinctly recognized, and the message received in a perfectly satisfactory manner.

On Monday, the first message by wireless telegraphy ever sent across the Atlantic from this country, was transmitted to King Edward from President Roosevelt from the Wellfleet Station.

Surprising and Unexpected Results

The sending apparatus at Poldhu is not nearly so perfect as at either of the two American stations. For that reason Marconi did not expect a direct reply to Wellfleet to President Roosevelt's message, but when the time for the test came, so much is the sending apparatus at Wellfleet improved over former efforts, that not only was the test message not intended for Poldhu heard over there distinctly, but in a few minutes a direct reply was received acknowledging it.

With the transmission of President Roosevelt's message from Wellfleet and the receipt of King Edward's reply, wireless telegraphy may be said to have stepped at one great stride into the realms of commercial possibility.

Marconi estimates that within a few months the wireless station at Wellfleet will be in a condition to transact commercial business, and has stated that the cost of his system will be ten cents per word, which is a considerable cut on the present cable toll of twenty-five cents per word.

Many difficulties, however, are still to be solved, notably that of speed in sending. As the sending machinery is now arranged, it gives forth a loud report with each discharge of a word, and when more than five words are sent consecutively the mechanism becomes very hot. When the number of words reaches thirty, the heat is so increased as to necessitate delay. Marconi has discontinued the use of receiving messages on the tape, the same as the Morse system, and has also perfected a new receiving apparatus. These improvements are, however, not known to the scientific world, having only been used in the Wellfleet Station. In fact, the various improvements in effect at Wellfleet are undoubtedly much in advance of Glace Bay.

MOROCCO and its Civil War

HOW THE PRESENT CONTEST BEGAN, WHAT IT IS ALL ABOUT,
AND HOW THE MOORISH MOHAMMEDAN FEELS ABOUT IT

By Talcott Williams

YOU ARE, let us suppose, a small shopkeeper in the "Attarin" or grocery market of Fez. It is not easy to put yourself in his place, but try. You live in a rabbit-warren of a city, whose narrow streets the outstretched arms of a man can nearly span. In this seething little world where men throng and learn all they know by word of mouth and never by newspaper, news-sheet or news-letter, all men know you. You know all. You slip off your shoes and sit cross-legged and barefoot. You have never worn a pair of socks in your life. Of course, having no civilization, you ought to be perfectly miserable. You are not. You are serenely, soberly happy, and could give points and the odd trick to your American self and still win the game of a happy life. You ought to be cold; but you are used to bare feet and this half-clothed condition and don't mind it.

Where you sit, your father and forbears have sat, and you know it, for centuries. You have less furniture in your home than a coal mine, but your deed (I know of such) is dated in the century that saw William look on the bruised and battered corpse of Harold. Your family owned their shop, or rather a right to its membership in the guild of grocers, when Henry VIII. was beheading one wife to have another.

All you ask is that the old life shall go on, as it has for a thousand years, and all about you long for the same, the even, unclouded days, the silent streets, the absence of stress and worry and fret. Yet for half a year strange things have come. There is a new young Sultan, a very Rehoboam of a youth, Mulai Abd el Aziz, a boy of twenty or so. Under his father, Mulai Hassan, all was well. He was of the old stock, Arab crossed with Berber (white) and with negro—which none mind, one Moslem is as good as another, be his color what it may. He was a good Moslem. He lived the old life. In his leisure hours learned men read aloud to him commentaries on the Moslem law written before Alfred began English law. He wore the immemorial dress of his race. He met no foreign women-folks, whose bare faces affect our grocer with the indecency a complete exposure of half the person might us. He kept the European infidel at a distance. If any came to Fez, they found no house open. He took neither their loans nor their advice. He sat in the gate and judged as Solomon did. Over the great tumultuous mountain tribes, he kept a firm, steady hand, and men came and went at peace.

The new young man—his son—is of strange blood. His mother was a Circassian girl, bought as such are. Where this strain comes, all men know mischief follows. The men that come of it are extravagant, as was the Khedivial line of Egypt. Money goes. Debts begin. Strange customs come. A Circassian is, after all, though savage and Moslem, European Aryan, white, restless, loving the fast, easy life of the young prince, as men shamefully and publicly live it among the infidel, roistering in public, not taking one's fling of hot youth in the secret sequestered shades of a harem, where half a thousand women are under lock and key, from which no secret escapes, do their young owner what he will.

When the young man's austere and old-fashioned father died in 1894, the Circassian mother and the chamberlain—Sid Ahmed Ben Musa, put aside an elder son, Mulai Mohammed, and seized power. Ben Musa was a man for you. He pulled down a whole quarter of Morocco city to build his palace. Plundered? Yes, but no one else did, and the roads were at peace. Two years ago he died, and all his property went to the Sultan. Last September, the masterful mother died, and the son walked behind her bier. Thé bib was off. He had taken as his adviser a young man, Kaid Mehedi el Nebhi, like himself of new notions. What has come? He photographs, and the Koran says: no pictures. He has an automobile. The Koran says God made the horse to ride. His constant companion is the infidel Katif, or scribe, of one of their infidel papers (Walter B. Harris, the "Times" correspondent). He wears infi-

(Continued on Page 21)



The Kouloubia Tower, Fez



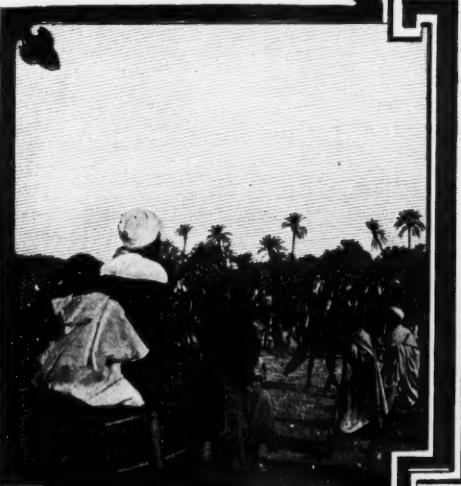
Entering Fez



Camp outside of Fez



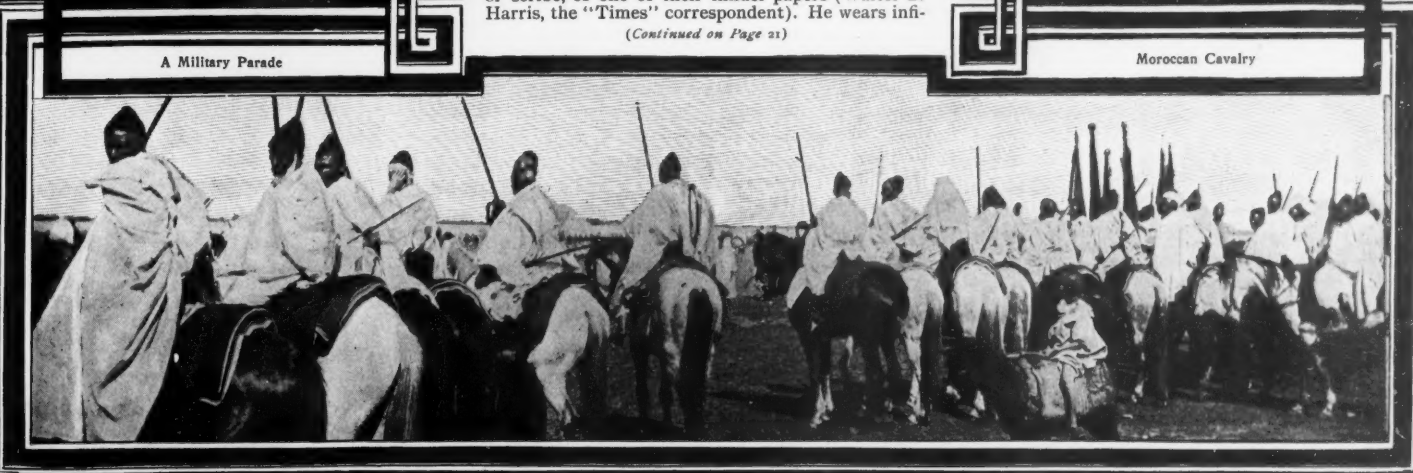
A Battery of Artillery



A Military Parade



Moroccan Cavalry



The Bodyguard of Mulai Abd el Aziz, Sultan of Morocco, drawn up for Review on the Plains outside the City of Fez

THE COLLABORATORS

Or The Comedy that Wrote Itself

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART ONE

By A. T. Quiller-Couch ("Q"), Author of "Dead Man's Rock," Etc.

Illustrated by Thomas Fogarty

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HOW PLEASANT it is to have money, heigho! How pleasant it is to have money!" sings, I think, Clough. Well, I had money, and more of it than I felt any desire to spend; which is as much as any reasonable man can want. My age was five-and-twenty, my health good, my conscience moderately clean, and my appetite excellent: I had fame in some degree, and a fair prospect of adding to it; and I was unmarried. In later life a man may seek marriage for its own sake, but at five-and-twenty he marries against his will—because he has fallen in love with a woman; and this had not yet happened to me. I was a bachelor, and content to remain one.

To come to smaller matters—the month was early June, the weather perfect, the solitude of my own choosing, and my posture comfortable enough to invite drowsiness. I had bathed and stretched supine in the shade of a high sand-bank, and was smoking the day's first cigarette. Behind me lay Ambletense; before me, the sea. On the edge of it, their shrill challenges softened by the distance to music, a score of children were playing with spades and buckets, innocently composing a hundred pretty groups of brown legs, fluttered hair, bright frocks and jerseys, and innocently conspiring with morning to put a spirit of youth into the whole picture. Beyond them the blue sea flashed with its own smiles, and the blue heaven over them with the glancing wings of gulls. On this showing it is evident that I, George Anthony Richardson, ought to have been happy; whereas, in fact, Richardson was cheerful enough, but George Anthony restless and discontent: by reason that Richardson, remembering the past, enjoyed by contrast the present, and knew himself to be jolly well off; while George Anthony felt gravely concerned for the future.

Let me explain. A year ago I had been a clerk in the Office of the Local Government Board—a detested calling with a devisory stipend. It was all that a University education (a second in Moderations and a third in *Literæ Humaniores*) had enabled me to win, and I stuck to it because I possessed no patrimony and had no "prospects" save one, which stood precariously on the favor of an uncle—my mother's brother, Major-General Benjamin McIntosh, C.B. Now, the General could not be called an indulgent man. He had retired from active service to concentrate upon his kinsfolk those military gifts which even on the wide plains of Hindostan had kept him the terror of his country's foes and the bugbear of his own soldiery. He had an iron sense of discipline and a passion for it; he detested all form of amusement; in religion he belonged to the sect of the Peculiar People; and he owned a gloomy house near the western end of the Cromwell Road, where he dwelt, and had for butler, valet, and factotum a Peculiar Person named Trewlove.

In those days I found my chief recreation in the theatre; and by and by, when I essayed to write for it, and began to pester managers with curtain-raisers, small vaudevilles, comic libretti and the like, you will guess that in common prudence I called myself by a *nom de guerre*. Dropping the "Richardson," I signed my productions "George Anthony," and as "George Anthony" the playgoing public now discusses me. For some while, I will confess, the precaution was superfluous, the managers having apparently entered into league to ensure me as much obscurity as I had any use for. But at length, in an unguarded moment, the manager of the Duke of Cornwall's Theatre (formerly the Apollo) accepted a three-act farce. It was poorly acted, yet for some reason it took the town. "Larks in Aspic," a Farical Comedy by George Anthony," ran for a solid three hundred nights; and before it ceased, my unsuspecting uncle had closed his earthly career, leaving me with seventy thousand pounds (the bulk of it invested in India Government stock), the house in the Cromwell Road, and, lastly, in sacred trust, his faithful body-servant, William John Trewlove.

Here let me pause to deplore man's weakness and the allurements of splendid possessions. I had been happy enough in my lodgings in Jermyn Street, and, thanks to "Larks in Aspic," they were decently furnished. At the prompting, surely, of some malignant spirit, I exchanged them for a house too large for me in a street too long for life, for my uncle's furniture (of the Great Exhibition period), and for the unnecessary and detested services of Trewlove.

This man enjoyed, by my uncle's will, an annuity of fifty pounds. He had the look, too, of one who denied himself small pleasures, not only on religious grounds, but because they cost money. Somehow, I never doubted that he owned a balance at the bank,

or that, after a brief interval spent in demonstrating that our ways were uncongenial, he would retire on a competence and await translation to join my uncle in an equal sky—equal, that is, within the fence of the elect. But not a bit of it! I had been adjured in the will to look after him; and at first I supposed that he clung to me against inclination, from a conscientious resolve to give me every chance. By and by, however, I grew aware of a change in him; or, rather, of some internal disquiet, suppressed but volcanic, working toward a change. Once or twice he staggered me by answering some casual question in a tone which, to say the least of it, suggested an ungainly attempt at facetiousness. A look at his sepulchral face would reassure me, but did not clear up the mystery.

The horrid truth broke upon me one day as we discussed the conduct of one of my two housemaids. Trewlove, returning one evening (as I gathered) from a small *réunion* of his fellow-sectarians in the Earl's Court Road, had caught her in the act of exchanging raileries from an upper window with a trooper in the Second Life Guards, and had reported her.

"Most unbecoming," said I.

"Unwomanly," said Trewlove, with a sudden contortion of the face; "unwomanly, sir!—but ah, how like a woman!"

I stared at him for one wild moment, and turned abruptly to the window. The rascal had flung a quotation at me—out of "Larks in Aspic"! He knew, then! He had penetrated the disguise of "George Anthony," and, worse still, he meant to forgive it. His eye had conveyed a dreadful promise of complicity. Almost—I would have given worlds to know, and yet I dared not face it—almost it had been essaying a wink!

I dismissed him with instructions—not very coherent, I fear—to give the girl a talking to, and sat down to think. How long had he known?—that was my first question, and in justice to him it had to be considered: since, had he known and kept the secret in my uncle's lifetime, beyond a doubt, and unpleasant as the thought might be, I was enormously his debtor. That stern warrior's attitude toward the playhouse had ever been uncompromising. Stalls, pit, and circles—the very names suggested Dantesque images and provided illustrations for many a discourse. Themselves verbose, these discourses indicated A Short Way with Stage-players, and it stood in no doubt that the authorship of "Larks in Aspic" had only to be disclosed to him to provide me with the shortest possible cut out of seventy thousand pounds.

I might, and did, mentally consign Trewlove to all manner of painful places, as, for instance, the bottom of the sea; but I could not will away this obligation. After cogitating a while I rang for him.

"Trewlove," said I, "you know, it seems, that I have written a—a play."

"Yessir, cert'nly. 'Larks in Aspic,' sir."

I winced. "Since when have you known this?"

The dog, I am sure, took the bearings of this question at once. But he laid his head on one side, and while he pulled one whisker, as if ringing up the information, his eyes grew dull and seemed to be withdrawing into visions of a far-away past. "I have been many times to see it, Mr. George, and would be hard put to it to specify the first occasion. But it was a mottinay."

"That is not what I asked, Trewlove. I want to know when you first suspected or satisfied yourself that I was the author."

"Oh, at once, sir! The style, if I may say so, was unmistakable: inimitable, sir, if I may take the liberty."

"Excuse me," I began; but he did not hear. He had passed for the moment beyond decorum, and his eyes began to roll in a manner expressive of inward rapture, but not pretty to watch.

"I had not listened to your talk, sir, in private life—I had not, as one might say, imbibed it—for nothink. The General, sir—your lamented uncle—had a flow: he would, if allowed, and meaning no disrespect, talk the hind leg off a jackass; but I found him lacking in 'umor. Now you, Mr. George, 'ave 'umor. You 'ave not your uncle's flow, sir—the Lord forbid! But in give-and-take, as one might say, you are igstremely droll. On many occasions, sir, when you were extra sparkling I do assure you it required pressure not to igsplode."

"I thank you, Trewlove," said I coldly. "But will you please waive these unsolicited testimonials and answer my question? Let me put it in another form. Was it in my uncle's lifetime that you first witnessed my play?"

Trewlove's eyes ceased to roll, and, meeting mine, withdrew themselves politely behind impenetrable mists. "The General, sir, was opposed to theatre-



George Anthony

T. FOGARTY.

going in toto; anathemum was no word for what he thought of it. And if it had come to 'Larks in Aspic,' with your permission I will only say Great Scot!"

"I may take it, then, that you did not see the play and surprise my secret until after his death?"

Trewlove drew himself up with fine reserve and dignity. "There is such a thing, sir, I 'opes, as Libbity of Conscience."

With that I let him go. The colloquy had not only done me no service, but had positively emboldened him—or so I seemed to perceive as the weeks went on—in his efforts to cast off his old slough and become a travesty of me, as he had been a travesty of my uncle. I am willing to believe that they caused him pain, and a crust of habit so inveterate as his can not be rent without throes, to the severity of which his facial contortions bore witness whenever he attempted a witticism. Warned by them, I would sometimes say warningly—

"Mirth without vulgarity, Trewlove!"

"Yessir," he would answer, and perhaps add with a sigh, "It's the best sort, sir—admittedly."

But if painful to him, this metamorphosis worked on my nerves. I should explain that, flushed with the success of "Larks in Aspic," I had cheerfully engaged myself to provide the Duke of Cornwall's with a play to succeed it. At the moment of signing the contract my bosom's lord had sat lightly on its throne, for I felt my head to be humming with ideas. But affluence, or the air of the Cromwell Road, seemed uncongenial to the Muse.

Three months had slipped away. I had not written a line. My ideas, which had seemed on the point of precipitation, surrendering to some centrifugal eddy, slipped one by one beyond grasp. I suppose every writer of experience knows these vacant terrifying intervals; but they were strange to me then, and I had not learned the virtue of waiting. I grew frustrated, and saw myself doomed to be the writer of one play.

In this infirmity the daily presence of Trewlove became intolerable. There came an evening when I found myself toying with the knives at dinner, and wondering where precisely lay the level of his fifth rib at the back of my chair.

I dropped the weapon and pushed forward my glass to be refilled. "Trewlove," said I, "you shall pack for me to-morrow, and send off the servants on board wages. I need a holiday. I—I trust this will not be inconvenient to you?"

"I thank you, sir; not in the least." He coughed, and I bent my head, some instinct forewarning me.

"I shall be away for three months at least," I put in quickly. (Five minutes before I had not dreamed of leaving home.)

But the stroke was not to be averted. For months it had been preparing.

"As for inconvenience, sir—if I may remind you—the course of Trewlove never did—"

"For three months at least," I repeated, rapping sharply on the table.

Next day I crossed the Channel and found myself at Ambletense.

II

I CHOSE Ambletense because it was there that I had written the greater part of "Larks in Aspic." I went again to my old quarters at Madame Peyron's. As before, I eschewed company, excursions, all forms of violent exercise. I bathed, ate, drank, slept, rambled along the sands, or lay on my back and stared at the sky, smoking and inviting my soul. In short, I reproduced all the old "conditions favorable to composition."

But in vain! At Ambletense, no less than in London, the Muse retreated before my advances, and, when I sat still and waited, kept her distance, declining to be coaxed.

Matters were really growing serious. Three weeks had drifted by with not a line and scarcely an idea to show for them; and the morning's post had brought me a letter from Cozens, of the Duke of Cornwall's, begging for (at least) a scenario of the new piece. My play (he said) would easily last this season out; but he must reopen in the autumn with a new one, and—in short, weren't we beginning to run some risk? He was polite—I must not suspect him of any lack of confidence—but plainly more nervous than he allowed.



He pulled one whisker



THE GLORY OF A WINTER'S DAY : : : Drawn by A. B. Frost

I groaned, crushed the letter into my pocket, and, by an effort of will, put the tormenting question from me until after my morning bath. But now the time was come to face it. I began weakly by asking myself why the dickens I—with enough for my needs—had bound myself to write this thing within a given time, at the risk of turning out inferior work. For that matter, why should I write a comedy at all if I didn't want to? These were reasonable questions, and yet they missed the point. The point was that I had given my promise to Cozens, and that Cozens depended on it. Useless to ask now why I had given it. At the time I could have promised cheerfully to write him three plays within as many months.

So full my head was then, and so empty now! A grotesque and dreadful suspicion took me. While Trewlove tortured himself to my model, was I, by painful degrees, exchanging brains with him? I laughed; but I was unhinged. I had been smoking too many cigarettes during these three weeks, and the vampire thought continued to flit obscenely between me and the pure seascape. I saw myself the inheritor of Trewlove's cast-off personality, his inelegancies of movement, his religious opinions, his bagginess at the knees, his mournful, pensile whiskers—

This would never do! I must concentrate my mind on the play. Let me see—The title can wait. Two married couples have just been examined at Dunmow, and awarded the "historic" flitch for conjugal happiness. Call them A and Mrs. A, B and Mrs. B. On returning to the hotel with their trophies, it is discovered that B and Mrs. A are old flames, while each finds a mistaken reason to suspect that A and Mrs. B have also met years before, and at least dallied with courtship. Thus while their spouses alternately rage with suspicion and invent devices to conceal their own defaults, A and Mrs. B sit innocently nursing their illusions and their symbolical flitches. The situation holds plenty of comedy, and the main motive begins to explain itself. Now then for anagnorisis, comic peripeteia, division into acts, and the rest of the wallet.

I smoked another two cigarettes and flung away a third in despair. Useless! The plaguy thing refused to take shape. I sprang up and paced the sands, dogged by an invisible Cozens piping his reproaches above the hum of the breakers.

Suddenly I came to a halt. Why *this* play? Why expend vain efforts on this particular complication when in a drawer at home lay two acts of a comedy ready written, and the third and final act sketched out? Why should I not cross from Calais by the next boat and recover my treasure? It would be the sooner in my possession. I might be reading it again that very night in my own home and testing my discovery. I might return with it on the morrow—that is, if I desired to return. After all, Ambletense had failed me. In London, I could shut myself up and work at white heat. In London, I should be near Cozens: a telegram would fetch him out to South Kensington within the hour, to listen and approve. (I had no doubt of his approval.) In London, I should renew relations with the real Trewlove—the familiar, the absurd. I will not swear that for the moment I thought of Trewlove

at all: but he remained at the back of my mind, and at Calais I began the process of precipitating him (so to speak) by a telegram advertising him of my return, and requesting that my room might be prepared.

I had missed the midday boat, and reached Dover by the later and slower one as the June night began to descend. From Victoria I drove straight to my club, and snatched a supper of cold meats in its half-lighted dining-room. Twenty minutes later I was in my handsom again and swiftly bowling westward—I say "bowling" because it is the usual word, and I was in far too fierce a hurry to think of a better.

We were half-way down the Cromwell Road when I became aware of a line of carriages drawn up in line ahead and close beside the pavement. At intervals the carriages moved forward a few paces and the line closed up; but it stretched so far that I soon began to wonder which of my neighbors could be entertaining on a scale so magnificent.

"What number did you say, sir?" the cabman asked through his trap.

"Number 402," I called up.

"Blest if I can get alongside the pavement then," he grumbled. He was a surly man.

"Never mind that. Pull up opposite Number 402 and I'll slip between."

"Didn't know folks was so gay in these outlyin' parts," he commented sourly, and closed the trap; but presently opened it again.

Then I caught up my bag, swung off the step, and, squeezing between a horse's wet nose and the back of a brougham, gained the pavement, where a red-baize carpet divided the ranks of the crowd.

"Hullo!" One of the policeman put out a hand to detain me.

"It's all right," I assured him; "I belong to the house." It seemed a safer explanation than that the house belonged to me.

"Is it the ices?" he asked.

But I ran up the porchway, eager to get to grips with Trewlove.

On the threshold a young and extremely elegant footman confronted me.

"Where is Trewlove?" I demanded.

He was glorious in a tasselled coat and knee-breeches, both of bright blue. He wore his hair in powder, and eyed me with suspicion if not with absolute disfavor.

"Where is Trewlove?" I repeated, dwelling fiercely on each syllable.

The ass became lightly satirical. "Well, we may wonder," said he; "search the wide world over. But really and truly you've come to the wrong 'ouse this time. Here, stand to one side!" he commanded, as a lady in the costume of La Pompadour, followed by an Old English Gentleman with an anachronistic Hebrew nose, swept past me into the hall. He bowed deferentially while he mastered their names, "Mr. and Mrs. Levi-Levy!" he cried, and a second footman came forward to escort them up the stairs. To convince myself that this was my own house I stared hard at a bust of Havelock—my late uncle's chief—and for religious as well as military reasons his beau-ideal of a British warrior.

The young footman resumed: "When you've had a good look round and seen all you want to see—"

"I am Mr. Richardson," I interrupted; "and up to a few minutes ago I supposed myself to be the owner of this house. Here—if you wish to assure yourself—is my card."

His face fell instantly: fell so completely and wofully that I could not help feeling sorry for him. "I beg pardon, sir—most 'umbly, I do indeed. You will do me the justice, sir—I had no idea, as *per* description, sir, being led to expect a different kind of gentleman altogether."

"You had my telegram, then?"

"Telegram, sir?" He hesitated, searching his memory.

"Certainly—a telegram sent by me at one o'clock this afternoon, or thereabouts—"

Here, with an apology, he left me to attend to a new arrival—a Yellow Dwarf with a decidedly music-hall manner, who nudged him in the stomach and fell upon his neck, exclaiming, "My long-lost brother!"

"Cert'nly, sir. You will find the *company* upstairs, sir." The young man disengaged himself with admirable dignity and turned again to me. "A telegram, did you say—"

"Addressed to 'Trewlove, 402 Cromwell Road.'"

"William!" He summoned another footman forward. "This gentleman is inquiring for a telegram sent here this afternoon, addressed 'Trewlove.'"

"There was such a telegram," said William. "I heard Mr. Horrex a-discussing of it in the pantry. The mistress took the name for a telegraphic address, and sent it back to the office, saying there must be some mistake."

"But I sent it myself!"

"Indeed, sir?"

"It contained an order to get my room ready."

"This gentleman is Mr. Richardson," explained the younger footman.

"Indeed, sir?" William's face brightened. "In that case, there's no 'arm done, for your room is ready, and I laid out your dress myself: Mr. 'Erbert gave particular instructions before going out."

"Mr. Herbert?" I gazed around me blankly. Who in the name of wonder was Mr. Herbert?

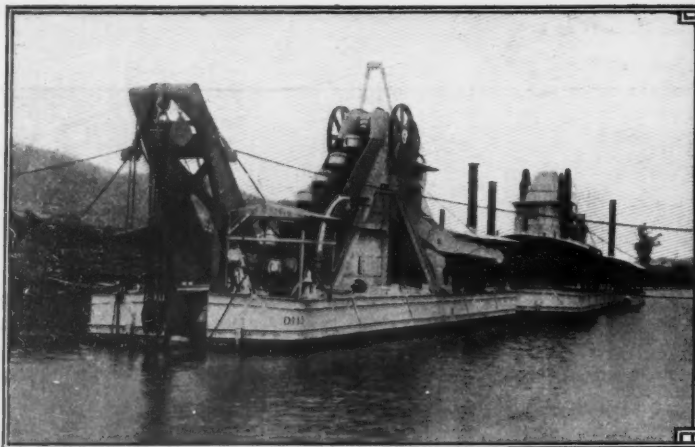
"If you will allow me, sir—" suggested William, taking my bag, while the other went back to his post.

"Thank you," said I, "but I know my own room, I hope."

He shook his head. "The mistress made some alterations at the last moment, and you're on the fourth floor over the street. Mr. 'Erbert's last words were that if you arrived before him I was to 'ope you didn't mind being so near the roof."

Well, of one thing at least I could be sure: I was in my own house. For the rest, I might be Rip Van Winkle or the Sleeper Awakened. Who was this lady called "the mistress"? Who was Mr. Herbert? How came they here? And—deepest mystery of all—how came they to be expecting *me*? Some villany of Trewlove's must be the clew of this tangle; and, holding to this clew, I resolved to follow whither fate might lead.

(Concluded next week)



Typical Dredges at Work in the Canal



Front Street, Colon, with Government Troops marching to the Trains

Digging the Great Isthmian Canal

By Frederick Palmer, Special Correspondent for Collier's Weekly



FOR MANY MONTHS past the station buildings along the forty-seven miles of rail which span the Isthmus have been occupied as barracks by the Colombian soldiers, who have been serving against the Liberals in the Revolution lately terminated and contemporaneously interfering with the conduct of the road and menacing public health. Treaty stipulations guarantee them free passage at the railroad's expense. What is not their right it is easy for their sovereignty over the land through which the road passes to exact. Without uniforms, without training, most of them are boys hastily impressed into their country's service under inexperienced officers. The smell of their camps is that of a Chinese city. If in any future time such an army comes into too close contact with the American troops guarding the canal there will be friction.

The best protection of the Colombians from the American aggression which they needlessly fear is that we have a sufficiently large zone of control where our methods shall be supreme without bothering our neighbors or our neighbors bothering us. As a matter of fact, the Isthmus of Panama is about the last place in the whole world to interest any foreign nation. It has a climate and scarcely any resources. Even Germany would not want it, and, unless I mistake not, the Colombian Government, which sits among the fertile hills of Bogota, sets little value upon it except as a canal site.

A Good Cleaning Up is Needed

I never rode through the streets of Colon without aching to see in arbitrary charge of it such a man as Captain Kulp of our Army Medical Corps, who out of a filthy old Spanish barracks on the edge of a stagnant moat in Manila, made a model hospital and training school for Hospital Corps recruits with as masterly promptness as if he had been making such transformations all his life. The doctors—and by doctors I mean such trained medical organizers as we have in our army—should form the advance and the flankers of the army of construction. The French had fine hospitals, but they paid little attention to a pure water supply. They had able doctors, but they had no proper system of sanitary control. A fully equipped modern hospital in the neighborhood of a pond of green scum is a mockery to make the fever-carrying genus of mosquito laugh. It is entirely to our interest that no city of size comprising a population unamenable by persuasion to our ideas lies within our zone of control. The inhabited villages all front on the railroad as their main street. On their outskirts are small banana plantations where West Indian squatters live, and further on only paths through the jungle and the rude huts of Indians. The swath of houses along the route of the canal is for the most part entirely unoccupied. We have the advantage of going into a practically uninhabited field of work (without the distress of prefatory housecleaning except in Colon), and barracks already for the workmen, besides all the experience of the Frenchmen who had first to build places of shelter in a newly invaded fever-reeking jungle.

The government being in charge of the work will entirely obviate that haste which makes waste and delay in the end. De Lesseps, having made all kinds of promises to float his stock, had to make a show immediately in proof of his good faith. So the French instantly employed great numbers of workmen and began landing machinery in helter-skelter fashion. To the last they had no definite plans as to the final details. Least of all had they any idea of climatic requirements. In a year after the stock was subscribed they had photographs of dredgings and excavations for publication in the Paris illustrated weeklies. This seemed as businesslike as it was the contrary. There swept into Colon all manner of hopeful vagabonds and beach-combers of varying colors, who were a law unto themselves instead of finding a sanitary situation with regulations to preserve it awaiting them.

The Walker Commission had experts at work for two years verifying French records and getting information to suit their particular demands. They took nothing for granted; they had no more theories than a wooden Indian, and they left all previous conclusions as well as all prejudices to the demonstration of actual investigation. They refused to make their general report until the special report of their last expert—and they gave him time when time was necessary, as it was in meteorological work—was in and they had digested

This is the final article of the series of three written by Mr. Palmer after a trip across the Isthmus undertaken for the purpose of describing to our readers the actual conditions prevalent along the line of the Panama Canal. The other articles were published January 10th and 24th

it. Indeed, the Walker Commission was the most impersonal set of men that has ever come to my knowledge. You may search in vain on the Isthmus for the record of an opinion expressed by any member or assistant. It was as passionless in grinding out its grist as a millstone.

The Walker Commission's work is finished. It has chosen the route; it has named the depth and the breadth of the canal, which will accommodate any merchant vessel or man-of-war afloat; it has decided on the scheme of lockage and position of the locks. All that remains, it would seem, is to proceed at once



Colombian Soldiers

with the execution of its simple plan, which was the result of an immense gathering of details. Its report suggested nothing of the kind. In this as in everything else, with the object lesson of the French before them, it was discreetly matter-of-fact.

The Beginning of the Work

The details of the plans for execution, as important as the orders to the staff heads of a great army when it is to march, are yet to be completed. Therefore, any one who expects that several thousand workmen will be turned loose instantly the commission for construction is appointed, will be sadly disappointed. The Walker report names two years as a period of preparation. In other words, the army is to be in order before it charges and not come stringing along in disconnected detachments. As an example of what remains to be done, take the machinery and material which fills acres of warehouses and overflows into the consuming jungle. The Commission set a rough value on this, which they were certain could not be an underestimate. Experts in the several branches must decide what machines and materials have deteriorated beyond saving repair, and what machines have not been so far outstripped by later improvements as to be valueless. This done there must follow the discriminating choice as to kind and quantity of new machinery, and afterward the filling of the orders, which in the busy season of our prosperity will take much time, while transportation and setting up will take still more before the latest improvement in American steam shovels lifts its first cargo of spoil. Thus a commission of experts purely scientific and impersonal will be succeeded by the experts in organization, initiative and economic execution.

When we come to the question of the white personnel we come again to that of climate, to that of how much not only a white man but a black man can do on the Isthmus without being invalidated. If one West

Indian negro dies a callous economy may reason that there will be no monetary loss, as another will take his place. This was tried in building a railroad in Ecuador recently and failed completely.

With good sanitation nineteen out of twenty of the white men sent to the Isthmus ought to return to the States without having suffered anything worse than malarial fever, whose traces can be eradicated by medicine and change of climate. Always provided that they care for themselves. That means the contrary of eating three meals a day of meat and other fat foods to swell the liver—that devil's playground of hot climates. It does mean that they should take exercise. The man who comes in dripping from the tennis court is the one who survives and flourishes. You can not be too vigorous in the golden hour after sunrise and the golden hour before sunset. The force of white men must be large for purposes of supervision from the time that actual work starts. When it comes to the building of the locks, that of the white mechanics will be greatly increased. It is for their sake and the sake of the white engineers and foremen, if not for the blacks, that the sanitary regulations must be good. Fortunately, the great bulk of the work lies within a range of twenty miles on the backbone, whose stubborn heights form the only engineering obstacle. Counting the cut to the six-fathom line in either harbor, it is always to be borne in mind that nearly half the total length of the canal was completed. All that remains is to dredge out the silt and to widen and deepen the channel until the *Celtic* or the greatest of battleships, the Italian *Regina Margherita*, could make the passage. In the uplands is the cooler and the healthier section, of course.

The Personal Element will Count

However, it is not well to make the Isthmus idyllic. After reading the Walker Commission's report, the construction of an interoceanic canal by either route seems little more than a matter of time, money and management. Management is the big word. Engineering feasibility no more means that we shall complete this work without investigation and scandal than a grammatical constitution guarantees a stable self-governing republic. The good performance of the greatest industrial task ever undertaken by our government depends upon the character of the men chosen to direct it more than any at home could.

The ability of the French engineers needs no encomium other than the monuments to it in their own land, where corruption has not characterized the building of quays or jetties. As to the accuracy of their theoretical work on the Isthmus, we have the testimony of the Walker Commission. One thing above all others is apparent. There is a tendency, after sleeping without blankets at night and walking with measured languor under a sun umbrella by day, to think, as the liver enlarges, that the world owes you, for your sacrifice, peace and plenty in the motherland. Frenchmen who had been hitherto clean-handed acted upon this hypothesis.

It is well perhaps to take it for granted as a first premise that the honor of the flag may fade a little for many men under the fierce sun of Central America, and rely entirely upon the energy and acumen of carefully chosen superiors to detect misdoing. The choice of the route is a comparatively superficial privilege of Congress. The responsibility for the work will lie with the Administration, which will have to bear the brunt of scandal or investigation. For its selfish interest it can not be too searching in its analysis of the fitness of those whom it delegates with power.

Youth and the energy that goes with it, the climate makes absolutely essential. The elders, who, after serving their country well, are the objects of just solicitude, had better be provided for in a less expensive way. And men still young who have shown their fitness in the supreme test of practice are not wanting. For medical organization and sanitation we have Hoff Gorgas Kulp, and of that stamp for engineers we have Morrison, Hains, Ernst and other members of the Walker Commission. For the headship of the great work we must have an administrator. There are others as good no doubt; but General Wood stands proven equipped by experience as qualified. With such men in command we can do this great work in a manner which will be a source of pride to every American and a proof of our right to undertake it to every foreigner who passes through the canal in the centuries to come. And we should begin to clean Colon as soon as the treaty is ratified.



THE LONG NIGHT

BY STANLEY WEYMAN

Author of "A GENTLEMAN OF FRANCE," ETC.

Illustrated by Solomon J. Solomon



SYNOPSIS OF THE PRECEDING CHAPTERS

Claude Mercier, a young French student, comes to Geneva toward the close of the year 1602, to pursue his studies. On the night of his arrival he is led into a quarrel by Grio, a roistering soldier. Fighting is prevented by the appearance of the Syndic, Messer Blondel. Mercier seeks lodgings at the house of Mme. Koyau. Her daughter tries to persuade him, for some mysterious reason, not to reside there, but he insists. At supper he meets Grio again, and Basterga, scholar and alchemist. After the meal Grio and Basterga discuss a plot for the acquisition by Savoy of Geneva. But the possible resistance of the Syndic foreshadows complications. Basterga claims to have discovered the cure for a fatal disease with which the Syndic believes himself to be afflicted.

CHAPTER VI

To Take or Leave

THE house in the Corratierie, beside the Porte Tartasse, differed in no outward respect from its neighbors. The same row of chestnut trees darkened its lower windows, the same breezy view of the Rhone meadows, the sloping vineyards and the far-off Jura lightened its upper rooms. A kindred life, a life apparently as quiet and demure, moved within its walls. Yet was the house a house apart; silently and secretly it had absorbed and sucked and drawn into itself the hearts and souls and minds of two men. It held for the one that which the old prize above all things in this world—life; and for the other, that which the young set above life—love.

Life? The Syndic did not doubt; the bait had been too cunningly dangled before his eyes. In a casket, in a room, in that house in the Corratierie, his life lay hidden; his life, and he could not come at it! Was it a marvel that waking or sleeping he saw only that house, and that room, and that casket chained to the wall; that he saw at one time the four steps rising to the door, and the placid front with its three tiers of windows; at another time, the room itself with its litter of scripts and dark-bound books, and rich furnishings and phials and jars and strangely shaped alembics! Was it a marvel that in the dreams of the night the sick man toiled up and up and up the narrow staircase, of which every point remained fixed in his mind; or that waking, whatever his task, or wherever he might be, alone or in company, in his parlor or in the Town House, he still fell a-dreaming of the room and the box—the room and the box that held his life!

Had this been the worst! But it was not. There were times, bitter times, dark hours, when the pains were upon him and he saw his fate clear before him; for he had known men die of the disease which held him in its clutches, and he knew how they had died. And then he must needs lock himself into his room that other eyes might not witness the fits of passionate revolt, of rage and horror, and weak weeping, into which the knowledge cast him. And out of which he presently came back to—the house. His life lay there, in that room, in that house, and he could not come at it! He could not come at it! But he would! He would!

It issued in that always; in some plan or scheme for gaining possession of the philtre. Some of the plans were wild and desperate; dangerous and hopeless on the face of them. Others were merely violent; others again, of which craft was the mainspring, held out a prospect of success. For a whole day the notion of arresting Basterga on a charge of treason, and seizing the steel casket together with his papers, was uppermost. It seemed feasible and was feasible; more than feasible, it was easy; there were rumors of the man abroad and his name had been mentioned at the Council table. The Syndic had only to give the word and the arrest would be made, the search instituted, the papers and casket seized. Nay, if he did not give the word, it was possible that others might.

But when he thought of that step, an irrevocable step, he knew that he would not have the courage to take it. For if Basterga had so much as two minutes' notice, if he so much as caught the tread of those who came to take him, he might pour the medicine on the

floor in pure malignity, or he might so hide it as to defy search. And at the thought—at the thought of the destruction of that wherein lay his only chance of life, his only hope of seeing the sun and feeling again the balmy breath of Spring, the Syndic trembled and sweated with rage and fear. No, he would not have the courage. For a week and more after the thought occurred to him, he dared not go near the scholar's lodging, or be seen in the neighborhood, so great was his fear of arousing Basterga's suspicions.

At the end of eight days the choice was presented to him in a concrete form; and with an abruptness which placed him on the edge of perplexity. It was at a morning meeting of the smaller council. The day was dull, the chamber warm, the business to be transacted monotonous; and Blondel far from well, and interested in one thing only—beside which the most important affairs of Geneva seemed small as the doings of an ant-hill viewed through a glass—had fallen asleep or nearly asleep. Naturally a restless and wakeful man, of thin habit and nervous temperament, he had never done such a thing before; and it was unfortunate that he succumbed on this occasion, for while he drowsed the current of business changed; the debate grew serious, even vital. He awoke on a sudden to the knowledge of place and time with a name ringing in his ears; a name so fixed in his waking thoughts that before he knew where he was or what he was doing he had repeated it in a tone that drew all eyes upon him.

"Basterga!"

Some knew he had slept and smiled; more had not noticed it and turned, struck by the strange tone in which he echoed the name. Fabri, the first Syndic, who sat two places from him, and had just taken a letter from the Secretary, leaned forward so as to view him. "You know him, Messer Blondel?" he said.

He was awake now, but confused and startled, inclined to believe that he was on his trial, and that the faint parleyings with treason, small things hard to be defined to which he had stooped, were known. Mechanically, to gain time, he repeated the name. "Basterga?"

"Yes, do you know him?" Fabri repeated.

"Cæsar Basterga, is it?"

"That is his name."

He was himself now, though his nerves still shook;

"I fear so," said one, while the other smiled. They were his very good friends and allies.

"Well, it is not like me. I can say that I am not often," with a keen look at Baudichon, "caught napping! And now, M. Fabri," with his usual business-like air, "I have delayed the business long enough. What is it? And what is that?" He pointed to the letter in the first Syndic's hands.

"Well, it is really your affair in the first instance," Fabri answered, "since as Fourth Syndic you are responsible for the Guard, and the city in safety, and ours afterward. It is a warning," he continued, his eyes reverting to the page before him, "from our secret agent in Turin, whose name I need not mention—" Blondel nodded—"notifying us of a fresh attempt to be made on the city before Christmas; by—by means of rafts formed of hurdles and capable, he says, of transporting whole detachments of soldiers. These he has himself seen tried in the River Po, and they performed the work. Having reached the walls by means of those the assailants are to mount the walls by ladders which are being made to fit into one another. They are covered with black cloth, and can be laid against the wall without noise. It sounds—circumstantial?" Fabri commented, breaking off and looking at Blondel.

The Syndic nodded thoughtfully. "Yes," he said, "I think so. I think also," he continued "that with the aid of my friend Captain Blandano, I shall be able to give a good account of the rafts and the ladders."

"But that is not all," Baudichon muttered ponderously, rolling in his chair as he spoke. He was a short man with a double chin and a weighty manner; honest but slow and the spokesman of the more wealthy burghers. His neighbor Petitot, a man of singular appearance, lean, with a long, thin, drooping nose, commonly supported him. Petitot, who bore the nickname of "the Inquisitor," represented the Venerable Company of Pastors, and was viewed with especial distaste by the turbulent spirits whom the war had left in the city, as well as by the lower ranks who upheld Blondel. In sense and vigor the Fourth Syndic was more than a match for the two precisians; but honesty of purpose has a weight of its own that slowly makes itself felt. "That is not all," Baudichon, repeated after a glance at his neighbor and ally, "I want to know—"

"One moment, M. Baudichon, if you please," Fabri said, cutting him short amid a partial titter; the phrase "I want to know" was so often on the Councillor's lips that it had become ridiculous. "One moment; as you say, that is not all. The writer proceeds to warn us that the Grand Duke's Lieutenant, M. d'Albigny, has taken a house on his side of the frontier, not far from the Porte de Rive, and is there constructing a huge petard on wheels which is to be dragged up to the gate—"

"With ladders and rafts—"

"They seem to belong to another scheme," Fabri said, frowning, as he turned back and conned the letter afresh.

"With M. d'Albigny at the bottom of both?"

"Yes."

"Well, if he is not more successful with this," Blondel answered, "than he was with the attempt to mine the Arsenal—which ended in supplying us with two or three casks of good powder—I think Captain Blandano and I may deal with him."

A murmur of assent approved the boast; but it did not proceed from all. There were men at the table who had children, who had wives, who had daughters, whose faces

were grave. Just thirty years had passed since the horrors of the sack of Antwerp had paled the cheek of the world. Just thirty years were to elapse, and the sack of Magdeburg was to prove its match in horror and cruelty.

That the papists in their anger would deal more gently with Geneva, the head and front of offence, or extend to the Mother of Heretics mercy which was refused to her children, these men did not believe. The presence of the enemy ever lurking within a league of their gates, ever threatening them by night and day, had shaken their nerves. In fitful sleep, in the small hours, they heard their doors smashed in; their dreams were disturbed by cries and shrieks, the din of bells, the clash of weapons.

To these men Blondel seemed too confident. But no one took on himself to gainsay him in his particular province, the superintendence of the Guard, and though Baudichon sighed and Petitot shook his head, the word



"This!" said Fabri, waving the letter which he held in his hands

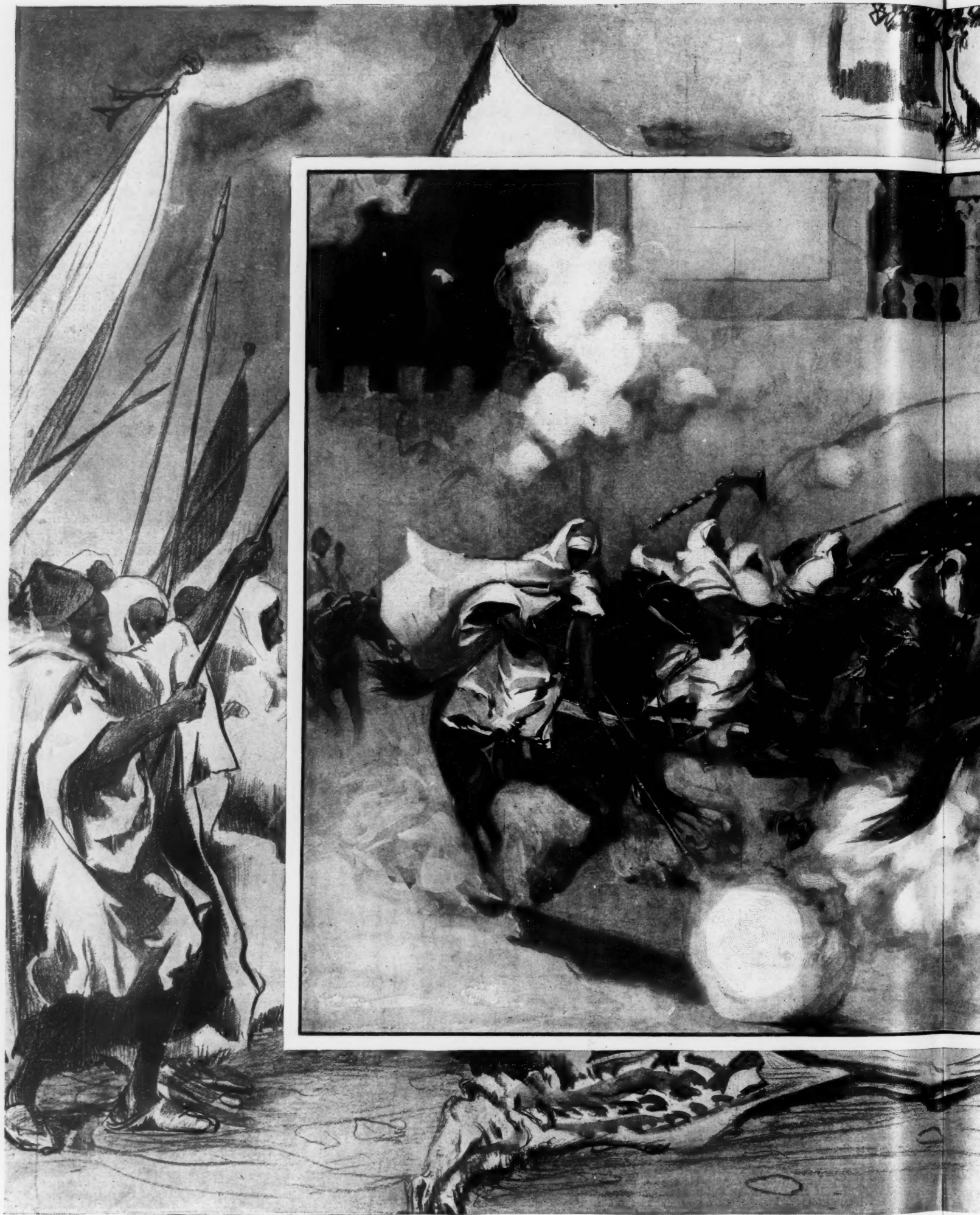
himself so far as he could be, while ignorant of what had passed, and how he came to be challenged. "Yes, I know him," he said slowly, "if you mean a Paduan, a scholar of some note, I believe, who applied to me—I dare say it would be six weeks back—for a license to stay a while in the town."

"Which you granted?"

"In the usual course. He had letters from—" Blondel shrugged his shoulders—"I forget from whom. What of him?" with a steady look at Baudichon the Councillor, his lifelong rival and the quarter whence, if trouble were brewing, it was to be expected. "What of him?" he repeated, throwing himself back in his chair and tapping the table with his fingers.

"This," said Fabri, waving the letter which he held in his hands.

"But I do not know what that is," Blondel replied coolly. "I am afraid—" and he looked at his neighbor on either side—"was I asleep?"



SALUTING TH

THE TRIBAL CHIEFS OF MOROCCO DOING HOMAGE TO TH

DRAWN FROM SKETCHES MADE IN MOROCCO BY



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MOROCCO BY ARTHUR SCHNEIDER.—SEE PAGE 9

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was left with him. "Is that all, Messer Fabri?" he asked.

"Yes, if we lay it to heart."

"Be sure I will do that."

"You shall have a copy of the letter," Fabri said.

"But I want to know," Baudichon said, puffing pompously, "what is to be done about—Basterga?"

"Basterga? To be sure I was forgetting him," Fabri answered. "What is to be done? What do you say, Messer Blondel? What are we to do about him?"

"I will tell you if you will tell me what the point is—that touches him. You forget, Messer Syndic—" with a somewhat sickly smile—"that I was asleep."

"The letter," Fabri replied, once more returning to it, "touches him seriously. It asserts that a person of that name is here in the Grand Duke's interest, that he is in the secret of these plots, and that we should do well to expel him, if we do not seize and imprison him."

"And you want to know—"

"I want to know," Baudichon struck in, rolling in his chair, as was his habit when delivering himself, "what you know of him, Messer Blondel?"

Blondel turned rudely on him, perhaps to hide the sudden ebb of color from his cheeks.

"What I know?" he said.

"Ay, ay?"

"No more than you know!"

"But," said Pettitot, in his dry small voice, "it was you, Messer Blondel, not M. Baudichon, who gave him permission to reside in the town."

"And I want to know," Baudichon chimed in, "what credentials he had. That is what I want to know!"

"Credentials? Something formal! I don't know what," Blondel replied rudely. He looked to the secretary who sat at the foot of the table. "Do you know?" he asked.

"No, Messer Syndic," the man replied. "I remember that a license was granted to him in the name of Cæsar Basterga, graduate of Padua, and doubtless—for licenses to reside are not granted without—he had letters, but I don't recall from whom. They would be returned to him with the license."

"And that is all—" Pettitot said, his long nose drooping, his inquisitive eyes looking over his glasses—"that you know about him, Messer Blondel?"

Did they know anything? and if so what did they know? Blondel hesitated. This persistence, this continual harping on one point, began to alarm him. But he carried it bravely. "Do you mean as to his convictions?" he asked with a sneer.

"No, I mean at all!"

"I want to know," Baudichon added—the parrot phrase began to carry to Blondel's ears the note of fate—"what you know about him."

This time a pause betrayed Blondel's hesitation. Should he admit that he had been to Basterga's lodging, or dared he deny a fact that might imply an intimacy greater than he had acknowledged? A faint perspiration rose on his brow, as he decided that he dare not.

"I know that he lives in a house in the Corratierie," he answered at last, "a house beside the Porte Tartasse, and that he is a scholar—I believe of some repute. I know so much," he continued boldly, "because he wrote to thank me for the license, and by way of acknowledgment invited me to visit his lodging to view a rare manuscript of the Scriptures. I did so, and remained a few minutes with him. That is all I know of him. I suppose," with a grim look at Baudichon and the Inquisitor, who had exchanged meaning glances, "it is not alleged that I am in the plot with him? or that he has confided to me the Grand Duke's plans?"

Fabri laughed heartily at the notion, and the laugh, which was echoed by four-fifths of those at the table, cleared the air somewhat. Pettitot, it is true, limited himself to a smile and Baudichon shrugged his shoulders. But for the moment the challenge silenced them.

The game passed to Blondel's hands and his spirits rose. "If M. Baudichon wants to know more about him," he said contemptuously, "I dare say that the information can be obtained."

"The point is," Fabri answered, "what are we to do?"

"As to—"

"As to expelling or seizing him."

"Oh!" The exclamation fell from Blondel's lips in a tone which betrayed his dismay. He saw what was coming; he saw the dilemma in which he was to be placed. He grew red.

"We have the letter before us," the First Syndic continued; "and apart from it, we know nothing for this person or against

him." He looked round the table and me, assenting glances. "I think, therefore, that we shall do well to leave it to Messer Blondel. He is responsible for the safety of the city, and it should be for him to say what is to be done."

"Yes, yes," cried several voices. "Leave it to Messer Blondel."

"You assent to that, M. Baudichon?"

"I suppose so," the Councillor muttered.

"Very good," said Fabri. "Then, Messer Blondel, it remains with you to say what is to be done."

The Fourth Syndic glared across the table, and for a moment did not answer. He hesitated and with good reason; had Baudichon, had the Inquisitor known the whole, they could hardly have placed him in a more awkward dilemma. If he took the course that prudence and his own interests dictated and shielded Basterga, his action must lay him open in the future to damaging criticism. If, on the other hand, he gave the word to expel or seize him, he broke at once and forever with the man who held his last chance of life, his last hope of the light, in the hollow of his hand.

And yet, dared he adopt the latter course, dared he give the word to seize, there was a chance and a good chance that he would find the Remedium in the casket; for Basterga might be arrested out of doors or allured to a particular place and there be set upon. But in that way lay risk; risk that chilled the current of his blood. There was the chance that the attempt might fail, that Basterga might escape, that he might have hidden it, that the Syndic's heart stood still as he enumerated the chances, as he pictured the crush of his last hope of life.

He could not face the risk. He could not. Though duty, though courage dictated the venture, craven fear—fear for the loss of the new-born hope that for a week had buoyed him up—carried it. Hurriedly at last, as if he feared that he might change his mind, he pronounced his decision.

"I doubt the wisdom of touching him," he said. "To seize him if he be guilty proclaims our knowledge of the plot; it will be laid aside and another, of which we may not be informed, will be hatched. But let him be watched, and it will be hard if with the knowledge we have we can not do something more than frustrate his scheme."

After an interval of silence, "Well," Fabri said, drawing a deep breath. "I believe you are right. What do you say, Messer Baudichon?"

"Messer Blondel knows the man," Baudichon answered dryly. "He is therefore the best judge."

Blondel reddened. "I see you are determined to lay the responsibility on me," he cried.

"The responsibility is on you already!" Pettitot retorted. "You have decided. I trust it may turn out as you expect."

"And as you don't expect?"

"No, but you see—" and again the Inquisitor looked over his glasses—"you know the man, have been to his lodging, have conversed with him and are the best judge what he is! I have had naught to do with him. By the way," turning to Fabri, "he is at Mère Royaume's, is he not? Is there not a Spaniard of the name of Griol lodging there?"

Blondel did not answer, and the Secretary looked up from his register. "An old soldier, Messer Pettitot? Yes, there is," he said.

"Perhaps you know him also, Messer Blondel?"

"Yes, I know him. He served the State," Blondel answered quietly. He had winked at more than one irregularity on the part of Griol, and at the sound of the name anger gave place to caution. "I have also," he continued, "my eye upon him, as I shall have it on Basterga. Will that satisfy you, Messer Pettitot?"

The Councillor leaned forward. "Fac salvam Genevam!" he replied in a voice low and not quite steady. "Do that—and I care not what you do!" And he rose from his seat.

The Fourth Syndic did not answer. The grave sentence, which in a moment raised the discussion from the low level of detail on which the Inquisitor commonly wasted himself, and set it in the true plane of patriotism—for with all his faults Pettitot was a patriot—silenced Blondel while it irritated and a little puzzled him.

A few minutes later, as he descended the stairs, he laughed at the momentary annoyance which he had felt. What did it matter to him, a dying man, who had the better or who the worse, or who posed, or who believed in the pose? It was of moment indeed that his enemies had contrived to fix him with the responsibility of arresting Basterga or of leaving him at large; that they had contrived to connect him after an unpleasantly marked fashion with the Paduan, and made him accountable to an extent which did not please him for the man's future behavior. But yet again what did it matter—after all? Of what moment was it—after all? He was a dying man. Was anything of moment to him except the one thing which Basterga had it in his power to grant or to withhold, to give or to deny?

He pondered slowly on what had passed and wondered if he had not acted foolishly. Certainly he had let slip a grand, a unique opportunity of seizing the man and of snatching the Remedium.

Within an hour he had worked himself into a fever, and rather than remain inactive was ripe for any step however venturesome, provided it led to the Remedium. He had still the prudence to postpone action until night had fallen; but when darkness had fairly set in and the bell of St. Maurice, inviting the townsfolk to the evening preaching had ceased to sound—an indication that he would meet few in the streets—he cloaked himself, and issuing forth bent his steps across the Bourg du Four in the direction of the Corratierie.

(To be continued)

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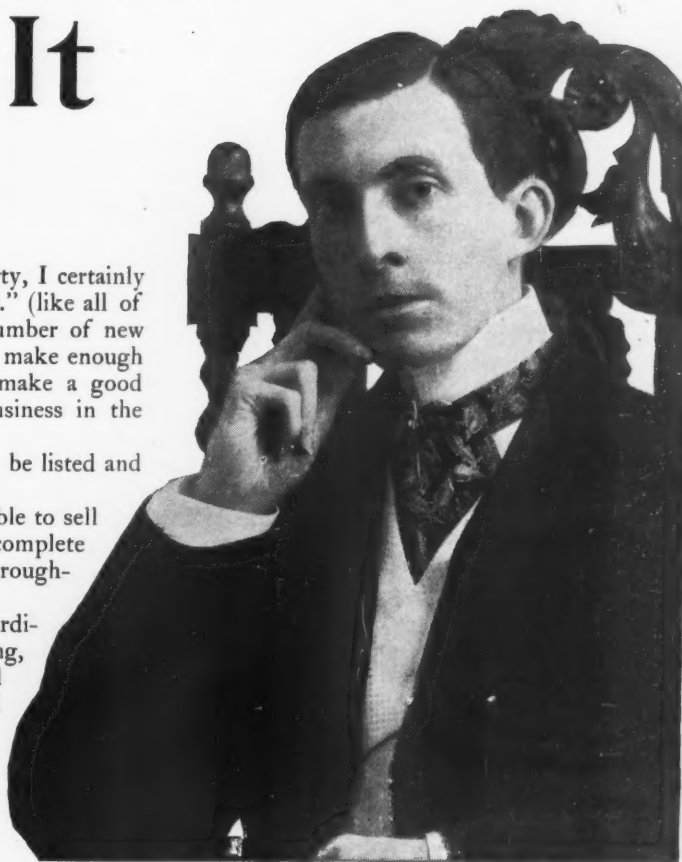
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Can a Really Sweet Woman Have a Sense of Humor?

NO REALLY sweet woman can have a sense of humor," is the sweeping assertion made by the heroine of Mrs. Nancy Huston Banks's recent novel entitled "Oldfield." So cleverly and with such consummate logic does this sans-humorous lady argue her point that the sympathetic reader finds himself, to his surprise, inclined to agree with her. Although this is the first time on record that a woman totally lacking the humorous sense has thus expressed, pointblank, the strength of her convictions, she has ever, in real life as well as in fiction, subscribed uncompromisingly to the same sentiment. Mrs. Chauncey Depew, who, as the wife of a man famed for his humor, is peculiarly well fitted to render expert judgment in the matter, laughed incredulously when the remark was quoted her.

"What! No really sweet woman can have a sense of humor? Nonsense! Why, women have a keener sense of humor than men have, and they always have had. Especially is this true of the so-called 'really sweet' woman."

What a Sweet Woman Is

"What would I consider a 'really sweet woman'? Why a woman gifted to a supreme degree with common-sense, a woman well poised as to her nerves, and with brains enough to be not only humorous herself on occasion, but to enable her to see and appreciate the humor of the life around her—all of these attributes and traits of character can be summed up in the term common-sense, and no woman having common-sense ever failed to have a sense of humor and to be loved for it."

"Much of the unhappiness of women—indeed nearly all marital unhappiness on their part—comes from insufficient sense of the humorous, not to say the ludicrous and ridiculous. There would be much more misery among married couples—many more divorces—were it not for the saving sense of humor which the normal, healthy woman has, and which any wife must of necessity exercise in her domestic life. Wherever you see a happy, contented wife, you may make up your mind that she has a generous portion of the humorous in her mental outfit. Such a woman, if she were to confess it, would admit that she made a study of the ludicrous and ridiculous idiosyncrasies of her husband, and that she governed herself accordingly."

"It seems incredible to me that any woman, even in the pages of fiction, should try to defend this antiquated theory. I suppose, too, that this tearful, sentimental heroine was arguing, as she thought, from a

AN ASSERTION TO THE CONTRARY HAS BEEN MADE IN A BOOK RECENTLY PUBLISHED. BUT THIS IS STRONGLY CONTROVERTED

By Mrs. Chauncey M. Depew



MRS. DEPEW

man's standpoint, which is entirely different; because, of course, such a woman naturally would use the adjective 'sweet' only to qualify and define the character of a woman as she appeared in a man's eyes.

"It is strange, but there does seem to me to be a pretty strongly conceived notion among many women that fun and humor are the enemies of romance. Some women are bent upon making their love affairs as solemn as their confirmation ceremonies, or their funerals. I have known girls in love to be the most lugubrious kill-joys, whenever any evidence of humor began to crop out of their lovers' character."

"Such a sentiment seems to me inexplicable, in view of the fact that it is the men who love us who are always preaching and urging upon us the cultivation of a broader sense of humor. Why, one of man's favorite subjects of conversation with women has always been this very thing. The lack of humor in ourselves and the want of appreciation and recognition of it in others, especially if that 'other' happens to be our husband, has ever been held up as the characteristic failing of our whole sex. Have we not been taught—and by the men, too, whom we wish most of all to please—that the lion's share of life's happiness is to be conserved to us in no other way than by the exercise of a sense of humor—a saving, divine sense of humor?"

Not Necessary to be Clownish

"It should always be borne in mind, however, that in order for a woman to have and to exercise a sense of humor it is not necessary that she should turn herself into a semi-professional comedienne. For certainly nothing is more obnoxious to any sane-minded man, or woman either, than the woman who enjoys the reputation of an inveterate practical joker, or of an irrepressible clown."

"The woman who, in the language of Mrs. Croker, 'could raise a horse-laugh through the pews of a tabernacle,' is the bane of all good society, and certainly no man in his right mind could find pleasure in wooing or wedding any woman with such a perverted sense of humor."

"It is, perhaps, the potentially, not the essentially, humorous woman that a man likes best—indeed, that we all admire most. It is the woman who can rise to the occasion with humor, and diplomatically take in a delicate situation, that commands the admiration of a man."

"The woman gifted with a true sense of humor can at crucial moments tide over an embarrassing or painful situation with such rare tact as to take away the breath of all beholders. I have seen it done myself. She should never forget that her precious sense of humor must always be negative rather than positive; that it must be mildly conservative, not aggressive. Mindful of this, she will seldom err."

Wraps and Cloaks for Evening Wear

By Marie Grégoire : : With Sketches by Jeannette Hope

WITH the aid of Physical Culture, and the new corset, women are making mighty efforts to attain the standard shape, but Nature still retains the power of a more or less emphatic veto. To the end of the chapter there will be fat women and thin women, tall women and short women; and, to the end of the chapter those same women of assorted sizes will agonize over their figures and use up extravagant quantities of cerebral matter in deciding what adaptations of prevailing modes are best suited to their particular requirements.

When Madame La Mode is stern and uncompromising, when she makes a round hole and decrees that all women, square or round, must go into it, then tragedy walks abroad in the land, and there is woe in feminine ranks.

Luckily this is not a tragic epoch. Never were modes so flexible. Never could women choose so freely in the matter of modes, yet keep safely within prescribed lines of fashion. If a woman to-day knows what is becoming to her, she may wear what is becoming to her. Ignorance is the only excuse for being unbecomingly dressed.

All of which is merely a prelude to the statement that the Spring cloaks, coats and capes are even more diversified in design than

the winter wraps, and that no woman who has the price of an attractive wrap need go without one that will make her look her best.

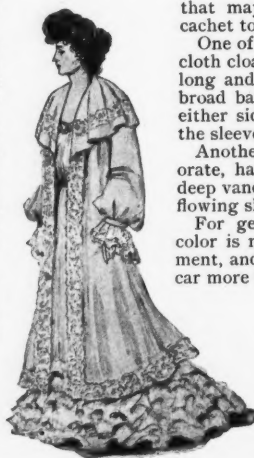
The cult of the cloak has surged into unprecedented prominence within the last few years. Each of the last four or five seasons has seen more emphasis placed upon the coat and cloak as items of toilette, and each season has seen more lavish expenditure in this one department of dress.

The general tendency has been toward the development of the picturesque, and the loose flowing wraps have added greatly to the scenic effect wherever women have gathered together. Those loose, flowing garments have, too, opened the door to unlimited extravagance; but, while some of the elaborate confections are marvels of beauty, it isn't necessary to spend great amounts of money in order to have a picturesque and modish cloak.

One New York girl has recently proved this point and is tremendously proud of a new carriage cloak in which she looks particularly smart and luxurious. "It was an old piano cover," she explains triumphantly. "I always loved the golden-brown of it, and it was beautiful soft cloth. We have not used it in years. I engaged a clever seamstress, ripped the nasturtium yellow silk lining out of some old curtains, planned the full-flowing cloak, bought enough heavy lace for the stole—and there



Opera Cloak of Chiffon and Lace



White Broadcloth

good pattern, one may very well be constructed at home; and, if sent to some inexpensive tailor for stitching and pressing, will stand an excellent chance of success. A chic lace cape collar or stole that may be bought ready made will give cachet to the home-made garment.

One of our sketches shows a white broadcloth cloak that might easily be copied. It is long and loose and has for its only trimming broad bands of heavy crochet lace set in on either side of the fronts, around the bottom, the sleeves and the deep shawl collar.

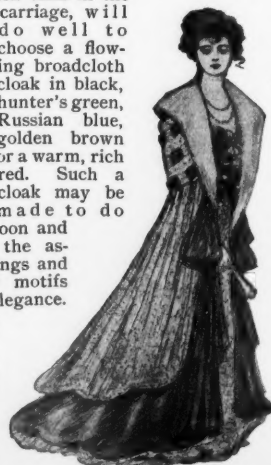
Another white broadcloth cloak, more elaborate, has appliqué of pale blue cloth on its deep vandyked cape collar, its fronts and its flowing sleeves.

For general wear, a long cloak in dark color is more serviceable than the white garment, and the woman who rides in the street car more often than in the

carriage, will do well to choose a flowing broadcloth cloak in black, hunter's green, Russian blue, golden brown or a warm, rich red. Such a cloak may be made to do

duty both for afternoon and evening, and with the assistance of light linings and lace or embroidery motifs may attain much elegance.

The long cloak will not, by any means, monopolize feminine favor this spring. The newest French models show coats in all lengths, etons, hip length, three-quarter length and full length. Al-



Blue Silk and Chiffon with White Fox



Broadcloth with Applique



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most all are full and loose, although a few Russian blouses and fitted etons appear, chiefly as suit coats. The morning coat is tailored in mode cloth or in dark color; and, as warm weather comes on, silk coats will once more find great favor. The serviceable black silk cloak that was ubiquitous last summer will have another day, and the white taffeta coats will be extensively worn. A new white mohair of greatly improved quality and silkiness will, it is said, have a tremendous vogue for coats and cloaks, and will be more durable and less easily soiled than silk. The full coats of sheer canvas plissé over silk will be another revival and are extremely dainty and pretty over light frocks.

Stole effects will be a rage, and exaggerated deep cape collars will prevail. Triple capes, too, seem prevalent upon the new tailored models. The little capes accompanying suits which made their appearance



Tan Broadcloth

in Paris last season will be much worn here this spring, and will rival the blouse and the short eton as the coat feature of three-piece suits. Many of these little wraps are stoles from under which come single or triple capes reaching to the elbow. Others are merely very deep cape collars, fastening in front with scarfs with groups of pendent ornaments. Another shoulder wrap bound to be fashionable is the pelerine scarf which has been developed in the soft winter furs, and is already shown in lace appliqué cloth, velvet and silk and in fluffy chiffon frills or heavy lace for spring wear.

Apropos of lace, one of the latest and most extravagant fancies in the cloak realm is the lining of cloth velvet or silk cloaks and coats with handsome lace over soft satin or chiffon. Furs are lined in the same fashion.

Sleeves for all wraps are most voluminous, and either flow freely or are caught into a broad, loose cuff.

In evening cloaks there is little that is strictly new, everything that is delicately beautiful. The light broadcloth cloaks already mentioned are much worn, and when in their severest forms they can not please extravagant womanhood, they may be made as costly as one pleases by the addition of hand embroidery, appliqué, lace, etc.

Then there are the filmy floating cloaks that are the last words in becomingness and picturesqueness. Kimona lines, which triumphed in Paris last season, will have their innings here this spring, and the regular Mandarin cloak is considered exceedingly chic.

Lace over chiffon and silk is, as always, the height of elegance, and plain lace or net over spangled net gives a new and charming effect. Our artist has given us one model illustrating this idea as developed in a winter opera cloak, with a deep collar of white fox fur over the gauziness. Another new idea, too, she has noted in the opera cloak of chiffon inset with lace and mounted over a pompadour silk, whose plumed flower designs gleam in shadowy color suggestion through the creamy chiffon. A deep yoke and sleeve caps simulating a cape collar finish this cloak, and the becoming hood of cream chiffon lined with rose chiffon and tying with long floating scarfs under the chin, is a worthy associate of the cloak.

Ornamental buttons and pendants of all sorts play an important part on the street coats, and numerous new ideas in pendent ornaments appear each week. Little strips of velvet or cloth rolled into a semblance of long slender buds are among the latest "dangles," and the Parisians show a great fancy for acorns made of all sorts of materials.

Good Seasoning a Virtue

A FRENCH chef is authority for the statement that the most economical cook is a woman who keeps her pantry lavishly supplied with all sorts of seasonings, both cheap and expensive. His argument is that a tough piece of meat, properly cooked and most alluringly seasoned, may result in a dish of even finer flavor than fillet of beef at one dollar a pound. Among the seasonings which should be constantly in stock are bay leaves, whole mace, peppercorns, cloves, allspice berries, sage, summer savory, thyme, sweet marjoram, cayenne, paprika, Worcestershire sauce, kitchen bouquet, curry, mushroom, tomato and walnut catsups, celery salt, and I might add a box of green parsley growing in a sunny window of the kitchen. This list may sound formidable and expensive to the housewife who places her whole dependence on pepper and salt. Experience will teach her, however, that it is cheap. If the seasonings are put in tightly closed cans, or bottled, they will keep perfectly for almost any length of time. Buy herbs—such as sage, bay leaves, etc.—in the smallest quantities, and be sure they are fresh. The advantage of having a chef's array of seasonings on hand is that you can find a different flavor for meat dishes every day. A variety may be given to meats which would almost fail to be palatable if they were not excellently seasoned.

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Little Victims

By Juliet Wilbor Tompkins

A SMALL CHILD sat on the top step with a Venus of Milo in her lap, making a futile attempt to nurse it comfortably in her motherly little arms. Her mother, noticing the visitor's surprised glance, smiled complacently.

"I am cultivating a love of form in Imogen," she explained. "One can't begin too early. I try to keep her always surrounded by perfect lines and tones."

"Oh," said the visitor.

"You have no idea how difficult it is," went on the mother, lowering her voice. "People are always giving her frightful things—chromos of cats and dogs and garish toys that would ruin the taste of a Michelangelo. I simply have to destroy them; I wouldn't have it on my conscience that I had passed them on to other children. Every picture in the nursery is a copy of some great master. You must let me show it to you before you go. I really took immense pains with that room."

"Yes, indeed," said the visitor.

The small girl leaned her head wearily against a pillar. She had a little pointed face, like a kitten's, and solemn brown eyes big out of all proportion. Presently she wrapped a square of scarlet silk—"pure color," her mother called it—about her chilly Venus in a hopeless attempt to make it seem more like a baby and tenderly rocked the rigid form. Then she laid it down and pretended to give it medicine out of an imaginary bottle, and one could see she yearned to feel its pulse, but had to give that up. It was clearly unsatisfactory.

When the mother went to order tea brought out on the porch, the visitor leaned toward the small girl. "Do you like your dolly, Imogen?" she asked pleasantly.

Imogen lifted a veiled look, then dropped it again toward her model of perfect form. "My cousin Caroline, she's got a real dolly, with hair you can comb, and it shuts its eyes," she said solemnly. "And it has a pink sunbonnet, and a blue and green shawl with fringe," she added, glancing distastefully at the square of pure color.

When the tea came, the child had some milk out of a cup whose lines were above reproach, and then the visitor was shown the nursery, little Imogen following behind with her Venus and listening gravely to the tale of its artistic perfection.

"I can't tell you how difficult it has been to achieve this," said the mother. "Even the legs of the chairs had to be specially—" "I really must go," said the visitor.

On the way downstairs little Imogen complained of a headache.

"Mother will sing to you, darling," was the sympathetic answer that cheered the visitor's spirits a little. Things were not utterly dreary if one could be sung to! Pleasant memories of "I had a little nut-tree" and "There came three ducks a-roving," mingled with the comfortable creak of a rocker, came back to her as she closed the front door.

Then through the windows floated a well-trained contralto: the words were German, the music Schumann's.

"Lord, Lord!" murmured the visitor helplessly.

She was a conscientious woman, and she firmly believed no one had a right to interfere between mother and child. Yet that very day she wrote a note asking if Imogen might not be allowed to spend the following afternoon with her: she was so fond of children, and it would be a real favor.

Imogen came—without the Venus. In a sunny bay window sat a bouncing baby doll, an artistic horror, with bulging cheeks and ridiculous blue eyes and a mop of curls absurdly beyond its years. Long clothes hid surprises in the way of petticoats vilely embroidered or edged with outrageous lace and socks of a rich and glaring salmon-pink. Imogen clasped the soft, yielding body eagerly in her arms, then promptly turned it up and discovered the hidden glories. The sight of her face would have repaid one for breaking all the Ten Commandments.

Later in the afternoon picture-books were brought out, full of green dogs and blue kittens, rousing fervent admiration. A few good cuts of old masters were slipped into the books, but she passed them by unerringly. When it came to milk out of a gilded mug bearing the legend "For a Good Child" wreathed in pink roses, she put her head suddenly down on her hostess's knee.

"Oh, can't I stay and live with you?" she cried.

The hostess, feeling properly guilty, talked hastily about Dear Mother and the pretty nursery, and was so eloquent that Imogen stayed her soul with the promise of future visits, and went home with a degree of composure to her perfect nursery and her Venus of Milo. And, conscious of having made trouble, the conspirator set about mitigating it by undermining the mother, in which she was so far successful that three months later Imogen went to sleep with a baby doll clasped in her arms, and had lost a little of her wistful-kitten expression. And she loved her rescuer with a love that was almost inconvenient.

Now it is perfectly possible that if there had been no interference Imogen might have grown up with unadulterated taste and called her mother blessed. At least, there is no way of proving to the faddist mother that these simply logical results are not possible; and she starts off with her first child very much as a person who had studied the theory of sailing might let go the sheet and grasp the tiller. By the third or fourth child she has learned that human nature offers gusts and flaws and eddies and hidden dangers that no theory can withstand, and, if she be anything of a woman, she has put away fads and supplemented her knowledge with a merciful sympathy that leads to wisdom.

But meanwhile it has been rather hard on the first child.

The Boon of an Apple Barrel

THE HOUSEWIFE who has been careful to add to her winter stores a barrel of apples, for all winter long—almost till strawberries are cheap—has the where-withal for most wholesome and appetizing desserts. It is better economy, no matter if the family is large, to purchase only one barrel in the fall. At intervals during the winter, when another barrel is required, it may cost more, only one has to take into consideration the fact that in the ordinary furnace-heated cellar the lasting quality of apples is impaired. Better pay the cold storage man fifty cents for having kept them safely than throw away a dollar's worth of rotten fruit. If you are lucky enough to possess a cool vegetable cellar, it is economy to store away several barrels of apples late in the fall, when they are at their cheapest. New clean barrels and a cool kalsomined cellar, with plenty of ventilation are necessities, however.

The Care of Apples

The fruit should be examined once a week, handling the apples very carefully to prevent bruising them. It is an excellent plan to keep an empty barrel for this purpose. Two or three decaying apples will speedily taint the flavor of a whole barrel, or make them rot. The fruit which is only slightly spoiled may be culled out, heaped in a peach basket and cooked at the earliest convenience. If you are a householder of the East, buy greenings, Baldwins or russets; they are the best-keeping winter apples. The Ben Davis and wine saps are two varieties most successfully stored in Western cellars.

The professor, skilled in the science of food chemistry, tells us that apples contain gluten, albumen, pectin, fibrin, sugar, starch, malic acid, tannic acid, as well as water and traces of free salts. This all means little to the housewife unskilled in chemistry; she only realizes that, in some subtle fashion of her own, nature has stored away in the apple such a wealth of healthfulness and spicy flavors as is bestowed on few of the fruits of the tropics. It is full of the elements essential to the building up of sound tissues and the making of good blood. When eaten raw it is at its best. Every day pick the choicest apples from the barrel, polish with tissue paper and pile in a pretty dish. Accustom the children of your household to apple eating; as a rule it is an easy task. When a meal is over, remove the apples to a cool pantry, they lose much flavor and crispness when left standing in a heated dining-room.

The old adage, which said "Apples are gold in the morning, silver at noon and lead at night," has been set aside by latter-day authorities on nutrition. They assure us that apples eaten raw are gold at night, because they excite the action of the liver, promote sound and healthy sleep and prove excellent brain food.

Apple Sauce

When one turns to the cooking of apples, first of all we think of wholesome apple sauce and delicious baked apples. Of necessity, apple sauce does not always await the entrance of roast pork. It is good all winter long, for breakfast, luncheon or supper, and it proves a most welcome variation to the housewife who sees her canned fruit supply running low. Apples for any cooking purpose should always be pared with a silver knife; steel will spoil their color. For apple sauce, cook them in a tightly covered granite or white-lined saucepan. Take it from the fire as soon as the fruit is tender, sweeten and serve warm. If you would have the finest possible flavor, put the apples with a very little water and sugar in a clean bean pot, set it in a hot oven and bake. The sauce will have a rich red color and a most excellent taste.

Some Additional Delicacies

Sometimes toward the approach of spring apples grow flavorless. Add to them—in any way they are cooked—a dash of lemon or orange juice, half a cupful of grated pineapple or a few spoonfuls of quince preserve. The addition of raisins, halved dates, or a little finely chopped orange peel often transforms plain apple sauce into a very attractive dish for the children's table. We must not forget the spicy, old-fashioned cider apple sauce, which is a good standby all winter long. Simmer down to a pint one quart of cider and add to it four quarts of sliced apples. Cook till tender, flavor with a bit of lemon peel, if desired; beat to a smooth cream, pour into stone jars, cover when cool and set away in a dry cold place. This sauce may be made in a large quantity; it will keep perfectly till warm weather.

When baking apples do not remove the skins, even if it does not give the dish so slightly an appearance. Next to the skin lies the aromatic portion of the fruit. It is lost in paring. Choose the largest apples for baking. Wipe them clean, arrange in a granite or earthen dish, pouring a little water over

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and sprinkling with brown sugar. Bake in a moderate oven till soft. Turn occasionally during baking so they will cook evenly. Years ago, when eggs were a luxury—not even obtainable at sixty cents a dozen—the apple desserts of our grandmothers called for no eggs, yet their goodness can scarcely be surpassed to-day by the woman whose pride is fancy cooking.

Baked, Boiled, and Fried

Pan Dowdy was always made in a deep yellow baking dish. It was liberally buttered, the bottom and sides were lined crust-fashion with slices of buttered bread. It was filled with sliced apples, dusted with nutmeg or cinnamon, moistened with half a cupful of hot water, one cupful of brown sugar and two tablespoonfuls of molasses. Finish with a top crust of liberally buttered bread, cover with a plate, bake slowly for an hour and a half. Serve turned out on a platter with cream or hard sauce.

Besides making most appetizing desserts, apples serve to help out the daily menu in many ways. Cut in cubes mixed with shredded celery and a few walnut meats and smothered with a boiled dressing, sour apples form the base of the excellent Waldorf salad. Sliced, dipped in a batter, fried in deep fat and served with a sweet sauce, they are delicious as fritters. Fried apples add a zest to a dish of sausage or pork chops, grated, mixed with powdered sugar and the beaten white of an egg, they make a most attractive frosting. This is but a glance at the uses of our most useful of fruits.



Morocco and its Civil War

(Continued from Page 9)

del dress. He knows not the law he daily breaks. True, the prisons are cleaned and the prisoners fed; but who shall venture to change the fate to which Allah has brought men? Some unjust governors sentenced? Yes, but their servants and followers remain to plunder. Better one great man who takes his share than this score of underlings, each pinching his portion under these new taxes which replace and increase the old tithe of all Sultans for a thousand years.

The Coming of the Infidel

Worst of all, the infidel is here. His merchants are protected. He sells cheap. He opens his warehouse when prayers are sounded and honest, God-abiding Moslems close theirs. Men and women—some of them Americans, whom all know Sheitan sent from Angleterra, beyond the seas, where they rush to and fro and know no rest, like those in Gehennum—are here in Fez and Mekinez, and talk in the market-place against the one true faith. One such Angleez a godly f.keer, descended from the Prophet, shot on a day of the great fast, Ramadhan, when no infidel should be seen buying food and eating it in the market-place when the faithful fast from sunrise to sunset. The infidel died as Allah meant such should, and the Sultan hailed the f.keer from the great Mosque of Idris—on whom be the peace of God and on all believers—and executed the man. Does our law say a murderer hath no asylum? So it is written, but since the days of Idris (780 A.D.) men have found a sure refuge there. You have seen them, murderers all, keeping their shops in that sacred close. A high price one pays the priest for his shop there, too. Would you spoil the trade by which holy men live in peace?

Ill will come and portents, now that shrine has been treated as it were the dunghill where Jews are dragged to die, what time their usury passes endurance. Have you not heard what is whispered in all the market—a miracle-worker has arisen in Taza, among the unsubdued mountain tribes, Bou Hamara by name? Bullets he turns aside, and the law he keeps, and no infidel has entered those mountains. May God keep all the faithful and our Lord the Sultan—until another be proclaimed in the great Mosque. For know; that when prayer is said for another, he straightway is Sultan and successor, Caliph, of the Prophet—pray to God for his peace—and any man of the seed of Ali and Fatima, even I, if God will, might then be chosen by the great assembly of the Mosque.

The Present Uprising

Thus would seem to your Moorish self the young reforming Sultan whose praise has been in every European paper, most of all the London "Times," whose correspondent, speaking Arabic, engaging, interesting and treating the Sultan as an equal, has won his heart. So the "Pretender," Bou Hamara, rose in the Berber Mountains, and the Sultan's troops, feeling as our grocer did, fled straightway. Tribes have risen all about. Their levies ebb and flow—now at the gates of Fez and now away. The Sultan is beleaguered on every road. He has brought to Fez his elder half-brother, Mulai Mohammed, long a prisoner of state. He may at any moment abdicate and flee, in the latter's behalf. The new wine Mulai Abd el Aziz has been pouring into the old bottles of Morocco is close to being spilled and the young Sultan with it. And yet if you ask your other Moorish self, he will but say: "Allah will apportion all. I but sell sugar, dearer than it was. Bou Hamara has closed the roads. Whether his head hangs on a hook at the Gate of the Burnt, or he lead prayer as Sultan in the great Mosque, or place under the sacred umbrella another of the race, God knows."

All Morocco is as our grocer. One young man has tried to reform it. The end is sure. Will Europe interfere? Not until Europe is agreed on a division.



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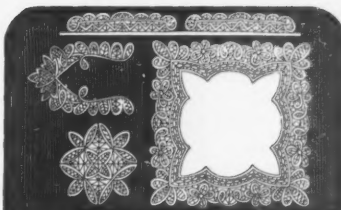
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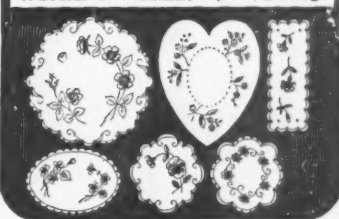
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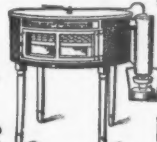
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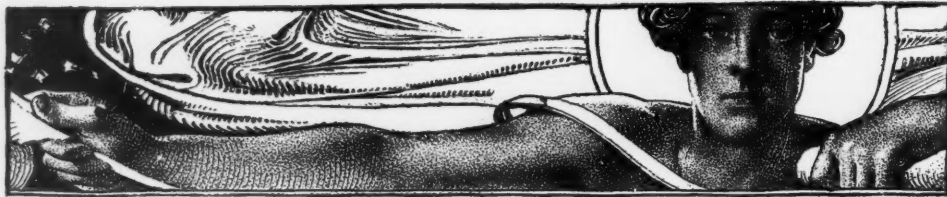
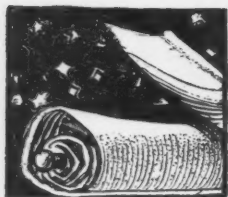
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MEN AND DOINGS : A Paragraphic Record of the World's News

AMERICAN JOURNALISM has sustained a serious loss, and one which COLLIER'S WEEKLY feels personally, in the death of Julian Ralph, the well-known newspaper writer and war correspondent. Mr. Ralph was a product *par excellence* of the old school of journalism in the United States, having built himself up to eminence in his profession without the aid of other education than that of experience and individual application to interests and habits of culture.



Julian Ralph

His power as an observer was graphic and notable. His courage in the pursuit of news was unlimited, as indeed must be that of any press representative who expects to succeed. While Mr. Ralph can scarcely be rated with his French confrère, De Blowitz, who died in the preceding week, his memory will still remain in very high rank in the list of the "ambassadors of the people," as Mr. Stead very properly has denominated the newspaper men. Some of his work has gone to book form, fortunately, and he is thus assured of a public attention less ephemeral than that which is given to the writings of the daily press.

WESTERN FARMERS appear to be determined to take the control of their larger products out of the hands of the speculators and gamblers of the stock markets, if such a thing can be done. Taking their cue from the trusts, they long since began organizing bureaus and associations, and now the movement in this direction comes to a sharp turn in the formation in Nebraska of an association, with a capital stock of \$200,000, which is placed among 20,000 farmers. The immediate purpose of the organization is to distribute and warehouse all cereal crops, the hope of its promoters being that grain buyers and elevator men will be entirely done away with. It was because of the co-operation of the railroads with the latter and the secret rates given to them that President Stickney of the Chicago and Great Western Railroad once startled his associates by declaring they were the ones who were "making the anarchists out West." Nothing appeals more dearly to the farmer than his possible emancipation from this combination. Hence, back of this new association is his great hope that, sooner or later, well syndicated, mutual effort will not only have the same effect in eliminating the brokers and speculators in grain that the trusts have had in eliminating middlemen in general, but that it will also have a profound effect in the regulating of freight rates.

EVEN PICTURESQUE and happy Italy begins to submit gracefully to the one-time ogre of modernization, and the sparkle of the electric light finds its way up into the hidden villages of the Alps. By latest story, the world is advised that tunnels are being built between some of the principal streets of Rome and that new buildings, clothed cap-a-pie in the dress of modernity, including some of its height as well as all of its appointments from steam heat to open plumbing, are showing themselves to wondering tourists in no less distinguished neighborhoods than the Sallustiano and the Prati di Castello, the Corso Vittorio Emanuele and the Corso Umberto. By other story, it is learned that up in the frozen heights of Switzerland, where villages and villagers have been contented for six hundred years with the green lamp above the door and with little better than the tallow dip or the Grecian oil pot inside the door, ingenuity has grasped at the waterfalls from the glaciers and converted them into power and light, until every little farmhouse begins to have its incandescent and every village begins to light up the crooked corners of its ancient landscapes with the same arcs that illuminate New York or Berlin. To the power thus harnessed the unique name of "White Coal" has been given. The water is carried down from greater heights than engineers have attempted anywhere else, the fall in one instance being over two thousand feet. Grenoble is the centre of the undertakings.

MAURICE GRAU, the opera impresario whose courage has so long stood him out against the perplexities and harassments of the management of costly stars and costlier stagings, has at last succumbed to the nervous strain and announced his intention of retirement for a year. None seems to be able to answer as to who is to be his successor, and there is prospect that the public will be robbed of its operatic pleasures next season unless some worthy substitute for Mr. Grau speedily makes his appearance. Charles Frohman and many of the other leading dramatic managers have balked at the task, and some who are of less distinction, and of perhaps equally less worth, do not appear to be as much in demand by the public as they are by themselves. Mr. Grau's achievements in the procuring of vocal stars and in furnishing the music-going public with adequate productions have been notable and are not likely to be easily duplicated.

PRESSURE TOWARD POPULAR participation in the distribution of the necessities of life continues in spheres far beyond the two above mentioned, no little impetus being given to it by the exigencies of the

coal famine and by the feeling of the public that they are the victims of a shell game. As was to be expected, the coal difficulties have extended their consequences into all lines of business, culminating within the current month in a congestion of freight traffic such as the country has never before known. Eastern trunk lines have made no pretence for nearly two months of delivering freight with any degree of promptitude, passenger engines have had to be switched from their usual functions to the freight trains, thousands of loaded cars are piled up along the side-tracks in every section of the East, and even the passenger train service is delayed. Conditions west of Chicago are hardly to be considered better than those in the East, although some cities, such as Louisville, report abundant supplies of coal. Even the railroads running to Puget Sound have had to announce that preference would be given to fuel and perishable foodstuffs. At various points the pulpit has taken up the subject of the coal famine in a manner unprecedentedly radical, almost, if not fully, advocating confiscation. Brooklyn, N. Y., and several other cities of importance have followed the lead of the little town of Altoona, Ill., in raiding the coal cars and appropriating the contents for the benefit of the poor. In Boston, a thousand cords of wood, which were found buried in an unexpected quarter, were distributed to those who could not afford coal. Court proceedings against the combines and alleged conspiracies have been extending, Chicago having returned indictments against



Miles of "Held-up" Coal

a large number of prominent men, and some other Western cities having done likewise. Whether the strong drift will flow for the future is, of course, a matter beyond the range of prophecy; but the tendency is not far from the directions indicated by the radical resolution of the chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the House of Representatives. Only a change of attitude by the financial and industrial leaders and speculators probably can change the current.

AUTOMOBILISM, subways and elevated railroads seem to be mingling in as much confusion as the metropolitan crowd themselves in their efforts to find means of moving more expeditiously and of keeping pace with the upward and outward movement of modern cities. The Automobile Show just closed in New York City reports aggregate sales to individuals of upward of one million dollars—sufficient indication of itself that those who can afford it are going to go faster, whether the street cars and other transit facilities will allow them to or not. In Chicago, where long ago the street railways were made up in trains instead of single cars, the subway has obtained its grip, and substantial plans for the immediate construction of the first mile of the road have been completed. To this development is added an appeal by the already existing



Proposed Moving Sidewalk for the New York Subway

traction company of Chicago to the ubiquitous finances of Mr. Morgan for fifty million dollars with which to reconstruct surface traffic. Then, as if even automobiles and subways were not enough for the restive American soul, some resourceful people in New York have organized a company to supply a subway with the old moving-sidewalk scheme, of which so little has been heard since the days of the World's Fair at Chicago. The subway and sidewalk are to run from Wall Street in New York to the terminus of the new East River Bridge in Brooklyn. The walk, being an endless chain, is to afford practically a continuously moving transit accommodation. The speed is to be graduated

so that it will be necessary only to step from the station platform to a seat on the walk. There will be no cars to crowd into, no gates to slam in one's face, or to catch in the women's trains. The capacity is stated by the promoters to be as unlimited as the capacity of the streets.

COLONEL ARTHUR LYNCH, the Irishman whose pro-Boer enthusiasm led him to run the risk which at last has culminated as all such risks must, if they are associated with the unsuccessful party, naturally commands the sympathy of the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY. During many of the most interesting crises of the South African War, Colonel Lynch acted as COLLIER'S special correspondent and furnished material of a nature that would otherwise have been unavailable. The prevailing feeling in England and Ireland, even at the time of the conviction, was that Colonel Lynch would not be executed. The clemency which has been extended to him, therefore, was more or less confidently expected, and to this is now added the hope that a royal pardon will be forthcoming after the unfortunate Irishman shall have served out a part of the life term imposed upon him sufficient to vindicate the majesty of the law and to effect an example for all other restless enthusiasts. Among the striking phases of the protest against the execution was that of a priest in the Middle West, who thought that all English barracks and naval stations ought to be blown up rather than that the killing of the convicted "traitor" should be carried out.



Col. Arthur Lynch

THE FACT THAT the medical and surgical geniuses of the day are not forgetting to relieve the animal of some of its ills at the same time that such marvels are being wrought in the physical recreation of man is brought to notice again by two discoveries made within the month of January. One of these is a method of curing tuberculosis in cattle by vaccination, the discoverer being Dr. Leonard Pearson of the University of Pennsylvania. The operation is accomplished by injecting small quantities of tubercle bacilli into the veins of the cattle, the procedure being repeated several times with ascending quantities of the medical matter. The importance of such a process, especially in view of the unsettled state of the dispute as to whether bovine diseases are communicated to human beings through the milk of cows, is easily understood. A less immediately important new animal treatment is that reported by Dr. George W. Crile of the Cleveland College of Physicians and Surgeons, who claims to have succeeded in restoring dogs to life after they have been dead as long as fifteen minutes. Dr. Crile gives his discovery the name of "adrenalin." Aside from the interest that the discovery may have for the owners of pet canines, a serious significance lies in its association with previous discoveries by Dr. Loeb of Chicago (now of California), who succeeded in restoring life to the lower orders of nature. Dr. Crile's experiments appear to have had adequate scientific recognition.

MUCH MORE SERIOUS interest than the press has allowed presumably attaches to the announcement that the right of Americans to prospect for gold and other minerals in eastern Siberia has at last been granted. Ever since the Klondike discovery, it has been contended by prospectors and mineral judges that the Asiatic shores were likely to offer as remarkable finds as the American; but the Russian Government hitherto has been very rigid in the exclusion of American explorers. The only modification of attitude has been in extending concessions to large exploration companies in which Russians were interested jointly with Americans. Under the new ruling, it is more than probable that important news will be forthcoming in the course of time, and that the stampedes which have marked the populating of Nome, Dawson and Copper River will be repeated on the opposite side of the sea.

ORIENTAL INFLUENCES in Western civilization are disclosing themselves in curious and most unexpected directions. Early in the winter they were heard from in the molding of women's dress, the "djibah" of India having been adapted as the house dress of England; and now, as spring approaches, they seem to have become a sort of vogue in so foreign a field as in the dancing of children. Whether with wisdom or with mere pursuit of novelty, a dancing instructor has inaugurated the custom in the children's dancing schools of New York of teaching what are called "Chinese movements." These are performed to the accompaniment of Chinese music and are presumed to be calculated to induce grace and poise. The charm appears to lie in the peculiar and fetching manipulations of the feet, hands and head which give allurements and distinctiveness to the dances of China and Japan. Westerners have never been able to imitate successfully the nod of the head and the flexible trip of the foot of the Japanese, and this new dancing course may lift the future generation of Occidentals into this enviable—if it is enviable—capacity.

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A Real War Correspondent



J. F. J. Archibald

WHEN Stephen Crane wrote "War is Kind," he probably did not think—Mr. Shakespeare's ghost pardon the plagiarism—that he would live to die of its unkindness. For he succumbed to the ultimate effect upon his system of the Cuban campaign, as Edward Marshall did. Julian Ralph died from the illness which followed a fever born on the blazing veldt. Steevens, the greatly gifted English war correspondent, lay down forever when the enteric touched him in Ladysmith. Yes, in that same South Africa, where four per cent of all the British officers engaged in the field were killed, of the correspondents watching the campaign more than half never recovered from its consequences! And yet if he comes through the ordeal safely, what sort of tale may the correspondent tell? One of uneventful ease, of freedom from peril, of immunity from disease, of bodily unscathed in the "imminent deadly breach?"

Let us see. Let us take a case—no imaginary case, a real case. The war correspondent in question, only thirty-four years old, has already been through eight campaigns. He has been in battles 'twixt Chinamen and Japanese; has ridden over the desert with a British "camel corps," and witnessed the aftermath of Omdurman; has seen United States troops in conflict with red men, and has acted as parliamentarian between them. He has endured the stress of beleaguement in a city of South Africa, has heard the tune of bullets in the thick of six fights of South American civil warfare. The "Distinguished Service Order" is his by virtue of bravery at Havana, and the "Medal of Honor" for daring aid to the wounded in action in Venezuela. His left arm bears the mark of a shot from a Spaniard's Mauser; a British lyddite shell wounded him in the side and hip; he has suffered severely from yellow fever in the course of tropical campaigning. Besides the medals named, he has had a decoration conferred upon him by an emperor of the Eastern Hemisphere and one by a president of the Western, both in reward of good service.

Such has been the eventful career of this real war correspondent, whose name is James F. J. Archibald, and who went to Venezuela so that the readers of COLLIER'S WEEKLY might have exact accounts of what happened there when that country was at once in the throes of civil and foreign war. And that our readers may know how loyal this correspondent has been to them, to this magazine, and to the highest ideals of his profession, we quote Mr. Archibald's own words: "A correspondent who attends to his business is always under fire."

The Ways of Kitchener

MOST people have heard of Lord Kitchener's blunt speaking, direct thinking, prompt acting; his dislike of fuss and ceremony; his laconic conciseness; his simple manner; his strict attention to business. These are traits of his which compel one to liken him to an American, not forgetting that with the attributes mentioned there are apt to go hand-in-hand an absence of Old-World urbanity, a demeanor and address that are unpolished and brusque, a sort of ruthlessness even, observed by candid Europeans to be indigenous to the free soil of America. Truly, we would rejoice in the possession of this man, this strong, straightforward, energetic, resourceful, unconquerable Kitchener of Khartoum.

De Wet, the baffling, elusive Christian De Wet, is fast trekking southward into Cape Colony. Kitchener, iron-jawed, never stopping, is hard on his trail. He has rushed up from Pretoria to conjure into existence a new cavalry brigade, which is to run after and intercept the Boer. The British general is standing on the platform of the railway at De Aar Junction, crowded with Tommies and littered with their luggage. He is giving instructions to the colonel whom he has given command of the new cavalry brigade.

"Yes," says Kitchener, coming to a sudden stop in the middle of the platform, where he had been clanking up and down with the colonel, "yes, alright, you shall have a staff. I'll soon find you a staff. Let me see—you have a brigade-major?"

"Yes, sir; but he is at Hanover Road."

"That's alright; you will pick him up on the way. But you want a chief for your staff."

A silent nod from the colonel, to which Kitchener pays no attention, but meanwhile has nailed his eye upon a smart-looking officer standing near them at the edge of the platform. This magnificent person suddenly hears a voice that he has heard before—in Egypt:

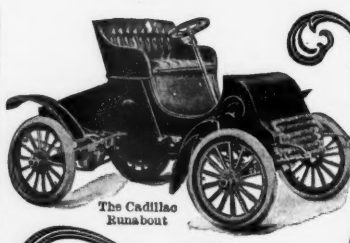
"I say—you—here!"

The officer starts, recognizes his commander-in-chief, steps up, salutes.

Kitchener continues: "What are you doing here?" and without waiting for an answer from his bewildered subordinate, concludes: "You will be chief of the staff to the new cavalry brigade."

"But, sir—"

"Never mind—that's alright!" and the vanquisher of the Khalifa turns his back upon the new chief of staff, saying to the colonel in charge of the cavalry-brigade-to-be: "Now you want transport and supply officers."



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Specialties: Apple, 16c.; Peach, 15c.; Cherry, 15c. Small fruit plants, roses, vines. 100-page catalogue free. 2 New Red Cross currants 10c. Secrets of Fruit Growing, 150 photos, 10c. Copy Green's Fruit Grower free. Good salary paid for work at home. GREEN'S NURSERY CO., ROCHESTER, N. Y.

CORNELL INCUBATORS
and BROODERS

were of sufficient excellence to win Gold Medal—highest award at the Pan-American Exposition 1901. Cabinet construction; table top—regulator bar, and fine adjustments out of danger. The CORNELL compound door makes it air-tight. Sold under positive guarantee.

PEEP O' DAY Brooders have stood the test for 10 years, and are used by leading poultrymen everywhere. Your name and address on a postal card will get our 1903 Catalogue, with valuable information to poultrymen, free.

TREVOSE, PA., Aug. 30.
Gentlemen:—I got 73 chicks out of 87 eggs first, 125 out of 136 second, and 111 out of 130 third. Not a bit of trouble.
J. W. SWOPE.

CORNELL INCUBATOR MFG. CO.,
Box 25, ITHACA, N. Y.

Stallman's Dresser Trunk

No heavy trays, but light, smooth drawers. Holds as much and costs no more than a good box trunk. 3c stamp for catalog to 18 W. Spring St., Columbus, O.

Leave New York 2.45; Reach Chicago 9.45 Next Morning—New York Central

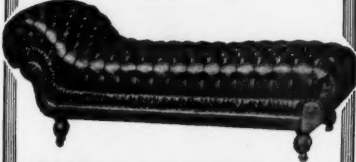
Exquisite Art Furniture

About One-half Usual Price.

This beautiful quarter-sawn oak, genuine leather couch is our own special, exclusive design. We stake our carefully guarded reputation on the quality of its materials and workmanship, style and finish. Our mammoth volume of business makes the retailer's large profit unnecessary, consequently we can sell this very desirable couch for

\$29

A similar couch of equal quality retails usually for \$50.00, sometimes \$75.00. Our absolute guarantee safeguards against inferior workmanship or quality.



The frame is made of quarter-sawn oak, golden, weathered or Antwerp, birch or mahogany finish. It is extra heavy, well braced, and has heavy hand turned rail feet. The spring is the same as used by U. S. Government. Cushions are made of genuine curled horse hair, the top containing seven rows of diamond tufting with handsome hand tufting on the sides. The covering is of the very best quality of genuine leather. All leather is not dependable, some being made from the under or fleshy side of the hide, which has no natural grain, and although it is genuine leather it has no wearing quality. The leather used on this couch and on all of our leather furniture is the fibrous or grain side of selected hides. It is tough and will never wear out. This leather can be scrubbed with soap and water without in any way affecting its color or texture. Furnished in any of the standard colors: dark olive, maroon, red or russet.

Weight 150 lbs. Order number B3500. Price \$29.

Our Furniture Catalogue B0 contains a very large line of strictly high grade goods at our regular wholesale prices that will astonish you. Write for it today. It will be sent free upon request.

Montgomery Ward & Co.
Michigan Ave. and Madison St., Chicago
Established 1872.

Have You a Friend Suffering From

Bright's Disease

It is a fact and can be demonstrated to the entire satisfaction of any interested party that both Bright's Disease and Diabetes can be cured, as investigation will prove

This investigation we sincerely invite, since we devote our entire attention to the two maladies above named.

The remedies for these diseases are entirely distinct, and the fact that we are specialists in these diseases only, should be sufficient for you to overcome your past prejudice, or what others cannot do, and investigate for yourself or some afflicted friend. Not patent medicines and not found at drug stores and only prescribed after analysis.

Note

Send your name and address and we will forward instructions, etc., and will make analysis absolutely without cost to you, or obligation to commence our treatment.

Professional etiquette strictly observed. Names or letters are never published without consent. Consulting physician always in attendance.

TOMPKINS-CORBIN CO.

27 W. 24th St. (Suite 6) New York City



MRS. POTTER'S WALNUT JUICE HAIR STAIN

TRIAL SIZE mailed free, to all who send 25 cents to cover the expense. A plenty to convince the most exacting that Mrs. Potter's Walnut Juice is the only hygienic, strictly vegetable and most lasting Hair Stain in the world. Enough to instantly and beautifully restore premature gray hair, faded, streaked or spotted tresses, beard or moustache to any shade of brown.

Walnut Juice as prepared by this famous English chemist and dermatologist is free from objectionable features of hair dyes. Full size package, by mail, in plain wrapper, \$1. Satisfaction guaranteed. Write for booklet.

MRS. POTTER'S HYGIENIC DEPT. 217 Orono Building Cincinnati, O.

Miller's Ideal Incubator

The new common sense principle, practical experience, every day work hatcher. Sent anywhere on

30 Days Free Trial Big poultry book free. J. W. MILLER CO., Box 32, Freeport, Ill.

STARK TREES best by Test—75 Years LARGEST NURSERY. FRUIT BOOK free. We PAY CASH WANT MORE SALESMEN STARK BROS., Louisiana, Mo.; Danville, N. Y.; Etc

"Yes, I think—" "Well, see that place over there?" nodding toward the De Aar supply depot. "Go and collect them there. Mention me as your authority. There you are now, fitted up. You can round up part of your brigade to-night and move off at daybreak to-morrow morning. Wait a moment, though—you want an intelligence officer."

Here the general pauses. He plunges his eye into a miscellaneous group of officers on the platform arguing about the campaign. He singles out a gaunt, weary up-all-night-looking captain, and calls to him by name.

Immediately the captain leaves his comrades, who all raise their eyebrows but otherwise show no emotion. Like the other officer—the brand-new, impromptu chief of staff—he fronts up before Lord Kitchener with his right hand at the brim of his pith helmet.

"What are you doing here?" questions Kitchener.

"Trying to rejoin, sir."

"I see. Where have you come from?"

"Deefontein—convalescent, sir."

"You'll do. You are intelligence officer to the new cavalry brigade. Here is your brigadier. You will take your orders from him."

Then, having dismissed the new intelligence officer with a nod, the general claps his hands upon his hips, bends slightly forward, and says to the colonel, with a half-smile on his face:

"There you are now—all fitted out. You'll be ready to start to-morrow."

But Kitchener's features quickly settle back to sternness as he goes on: "Mind you leave Richmond Road early to-morrow morning. Without fail. Good-by."

Upon which, after giving the colonel a single, rapid, strong grip of the hand, Kitchener of Khartoum strides to the edge of the platform to see if the train is coming in.

Myrtilla's Jestings

By Felix Carmen

Myrtilla, full of girlish whims
And wit, delights me when
She laughingly remarks that Hymns
Close rightly with Amen!

With this unpardonable pun
My own reply I class,
When I observe that there is one
With this refrain: Alas!

But not to yield what is her right,
The last word hers must be;
So, growing sentimental quite,
She softly sighs: Ah, me!

Descriptive Music

"IT'S your benefit, you know," said the stage manager to the leading lady. "You just tell me what you want done here and I'll get it done for you."

This was in the days when summer stock companies were almost unknown, but at the Central Home for Disabled Volunteer Soldiers a munificent government provided a theatre, a company of players, and even a hotel for them to live in. At the end of each summer one or two favorites had benefits, for which they chose the plays themselves.

The leading lady had chosen "Leah, the Forsaken," and the question at this moment under discussion concerned the choice of the music which should accompany her last entrance. It was the final rehearsal, and it was late in the afternoon, and very hot. The leading lady looked wearily at the stage manager, and said, "Oh! I don't know. Something descriptive that will give me time for a little pantomime." She turned to the leader of the military band, who was also the leader of the orchestra. "You just choose something that will give me time to show my feelings at getting home; she's dying, you know, and she's almost crazy."

"All right," said the leader. "Just something appropriate," said the stage manager. "The wanderer returneth"—that sort of thing. She's been away a long time, and the mob's stoned her down here near where she used to live, and all that. See?"

"All right," said the leader. That night the benefit was a big success. The leading lady was very popular; the house was crowded both with townspeople and with soldiers, and the enthusiasm made acting easy. The leading lady stood in the entrance, elaborately ragged, and with her dishevelled hair about her shoulders. The moment for her great last entrance had come; she stood poised for its weariness, awaiting the first bar of the descriptive music. The leader lifted his baton, and there burst upon the air the melody of his choice. It was, "When Johnny comes marching home."

WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP

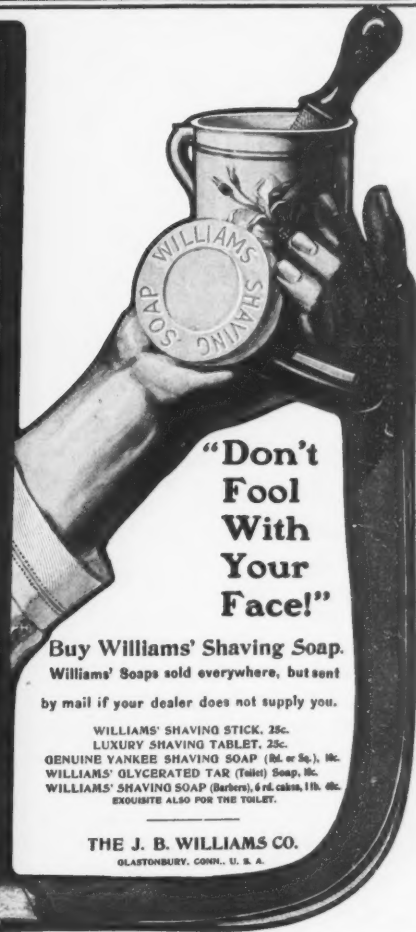
A SHAVING OUTFIT

is never complete without

WILLIAMS SHAVING SOAP

You certainly want the greatest possible EASE, COMFORT and SAFETY in shaving, don't you? Then you must have Williams' Shaving Soap.

Its great, creamy lather softens the beard—is wonderfully soothing, refreshing and healing to the face, and makes shaving "AN EVERY MORNING LUXURY."



"Don't Fool With Your Face!"

Buy Williams' Shaving Soap.

Williams' Soaps sold everywhere, but sent by mail if your dealer does not supply you.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK, 25c.
LUXURY SHAVING TABLET, 25c.
GENUINE YANKEE SHAVING SOAP (Box of 50), 10c.
WILLIAMS' GLYCERATED TAR (Toilet) Soap, 10c.
WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP (Barber), 6 c. cake, 1 lb. tin. EXQUISITE ALSO FOR THE TOILET.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO.
GLASTONBURY, CONN., U. S. A.

An Interesting Advertisement and What Will Come of It

In a recent issue of a very prominent publication, I published an advertisement which reads as follows:

"A SAFE INVESTMENT: Those who have modest sums saved for a rainy day, and who don't want to lose in uncertain ventures, yet who are willing to investigate an enterprise, that is conducted on honest and with every guarantee of certain profits, will learn something of interest and to their profit by addressing E. M. ARMSTRONG, 314 Chamber of Commerce Building, Chicago. Gift edged references in abundance."

I received a number of inquiries in answer to this announcement. The advertisement states nothing about the character of the investment, for I depended entirely upon the faith that the readers had in the publication, and confident that they would understand that no advertisement that had behind it any unreliable or improper motive could appear in the columns of this paper for any money and I wasn't disappointed in the result.

To tell you in an advertisement all about the investment in which I am interested would take too much space and cost too much money, but I will say this, that it is one of the safest investments that has been recently offered to the public and it will bear the most rigid investigation, and will pay those interested large profits, for many years to come, at least calculation twenty years. I myself have invested practically all that I have in the world in the enterprise. It involves tens of thousands of dollars on my part and will make me very wealthy. A limited amount of stock is offered for sale by the directors and a few investors can be accommodated.

It is an enterprise that is endorsed by many of the most reliable and best posted business men in the country. The members of the Directory Board comprise men who would not under any circumstances allow their names to be used in connection with unreliable ventures. To get the stock, you would send your money to one of the *soundest Banks in the West, who is the Depository of the Company*. These points I mention that you may appreciate that the enterprise is on the soundest basis and that you would be doing business with parties whose statements are reliable.

It does not matter whether the amount you have to invest is \$50 or \$500 or even more. This proposition will repay you many times for the trouble of writing for further particulars and for your convenience I attach a coupon, which please sign your name to and address to me in an envelope under a 2c stamp. If you do not wish to mutilate your paper you need not cut out the coupon, but address me by letter or postal.

E. M. ARMSTRONG

433 Chamber of Commerce Bldg., CHICAGO

FOR THE CONNOISSEUR

Pall Mall
London Cigarettes

NEW MODEL
The *Skans* Bone Cutter
cuts finest and easiest. Send for catalog and special trial offer free.
E. C. STEARNS & CO., Box 105, SYRACUSE, N. Y.

PAYS
to write for our 260-page free book. Tells how men with small capital can make money with a Magic Lantern or Stereopticon.
McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau St., N. Y.

A Fine Fountain Pen Free!

You send no money, you sell nothing, but we give the pen absolutely FREE as a PRESENT. This is a plan to advance our business and not a scheme to sell something or abstract money from your pocket. Our object is to create a demand for our Mammoth 1100-page catalogue of general merchandise and we want you to put us in communication with a few of your friends. We want to hear from you. Write for full particulars, or fill out this slip and mail to us. JOHN M. SMYTH CO., Chicago—I would like to have one of your Fountain Pens. Please let me hear from you by return mail. Name..... State.....

RICHARD PALMER, Fredonia, N. Y. Post Office.....

JOHN M. SMYTH CO. STREET, CHICAGO, ILL.

Take the Short Cut

GO RIGHT TO CARRIAGE HEADQUARTERS

Write to-day for our illustrated catalogue (free) which describes our goods truthfully, explains our method and our guarantee and makes it safe, simple and easy for you to get carriages, harness and horse accessories direct from our factory at wholesale prices.

THE COLUMBUS CARRIAGE AND HARNESS COMPANY.
Factory and General Office, Columbus, O. Western Office & Distributing House, St. Louis, Mo. Write to nearest office.



Chartreuse

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

KNOWN THROUGHOUT THE WORLD AS THE CHOICEST AFTER-DINNER LIQUEUR. NO SIDBOARD IS COMPLETE WITHOUT IT

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafes.
Bijler & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.,
Sole Agents for United States.

A TALE OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA

Listen!

Owners of California gold mines divide \$16,000,000.00 annually, but you can not buy an interest in those mines.

The stock is not for sale. The men—and women—who own it bought it cheap when the mines were new. It is now making them rich.

You have the same opportunity. The WIZARD MINE is now being opened just as these mines were.

You can buy the stock cheap now; it will soon be worth too much to sell.

The WIZARD is in Eldorado County, California, right in the midst of these paying mines.

It is on the GREAT MOTHER LODGE, which means rich quartz and lots of it.

Its owners have spent \$35,000.00 in perfecting title, and now offer you the opportunity to help them develop the property and convert it at once into a dividend-paying mine.

It is a plain, simple business proposition. For a few dollars you can become owner in a dividend-paying gold mine for life, and help divide the \$16,000,000.00 produced annually by California gold mines.

Our booklet, "A Tale of Gold," tells the whole story. Write for it now.

WIZARD GOLD MINING CO.
651 Holland Bldg., ST. LOUIS

CHAUTAUQUA School of Nursing

Prepares its Students for the Successful Career of the Professional Nurse by a Study Course of Carefully Prepared Lectures, Together with Personal Instruction.

Every woman, especially those engaged in nursing, who has not had the benefit of a hospital training, can in her leisure time, gain the complete theory of the art of nursing as applied in the leading hospitals.

The opportunity thus afforded to become perfect in the theories of the profession is now offered to women not able to devote long years necessary to graduate from a regular hospital training school.

An interesting booklet on nursing with full details of the course, sent upon application to

CHAUTAUQUA SCHOOL OF NURSING, 206 Main St., Jamestown, N. Y.

W.S. BAILEY, SECRETARY
FORMERLY DIRECTOR OF PUBLICATIONS
CHAUTAUQUA ASSEMBLY

CAPITAL = \$3,000,000

STOCK IN THE Eureka Oil and Gas Co.

Is the best investment you can make—The Company holds perpetual leases on 11,000 acres of proved oil land—HAS 11 GOOD PRODUCING WELLS, and new wells are being drilled weekly. Stock pays dividend of

2 Per Cent. Monthly

To increase property holdings and to develop present holdings, a limited amount of treasury stock will be sold for

15 Cents a Share, Par Value \$1.00

No orders for less than 100 shares accepted. Bank and mercantile references.

Write for circular giving full information

EUREKA OIL AND GAS CO.

107 Faurot Bldg., Lima, Ohio



MEN TAKE NOTICE

The last, and some of the best holiday leftovers must go in February. Choice old size diamonds in our newest mountings (for men) at \$8. Never a better value. Hand made 14kt. claw mountings are very substantial and magnify the diamonds. Men should write.

\$8.00 CASH (Ring then \$4.00 Every Month for all cash with order, deduct 8 per cent. and pay \$34.96. Certainly an investment.

SENT FOR EXAMINATION

Pay nothing in advance. We pay express charge to your town. It not satisfactory and better than you expected, send them back at our expense.

Any diamond bought of us can be exchanged for larger diamond any time at full price. **Save every pay-day** and own diamonds. They never wear out. "How to Buy a Diamond" is interesting to every up-to-date person. Explains our very low prices and shows the newest rings, pins, studs, earrings and brooches. Glad to send it FREE. Write

GEORGE E. MARSHALL, Dept. 11, CHICAGO, ILL.
References—First National Bank of Chicago.

VALUABLE BOOKLET FREE

IRVING'S WIZARD TOP is a SCIENTIFIC WONDER and the World's Greatest Mechanical Novelty.

A top within a top. A veritable rotary engine. Made of steel. Makes 20,000 revolutions per minute. Performs over 40 tricks. Spins in a pocket or anywhere and at any angle placed. Its average spin is 8 minutes. **NO WINDING. NO SPRINGS.** A child can spin it in 8 seconds. It interests every intelligent person. One Dollar would be only a fair price for it, but here is an opportunity to procure one for **NOTHING**. Send us 25c, and we will forward you, by mail, postpaid, a Top complete, and a bonafide proposition, whereby you can get your 25c back, making the Top absolutely FREE.

WIZARD NOVELTY COMPANY, 1336 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Small Metal Novelties

MADE TO ORDER

We design and manufacture at a low price. Badges, cheap emblems, plate hangers, desk cases, Brooches for mounts, skirt holders, etc., etc. If you want anything in this line made, write us for prices. If you have an idea let us develop it for you. We solicit correspondence.

HOLBROOK AND ARTHUR, Attleboro, Mass.

A MILLION PEOPLE EAT



Questions and Answers

Questions on any subject may be sent to this department, and the answers will be published at the earliest possible date after receipt. All communications should be addressed: "Questions and Answers" Department, Collier's Weekly, New York City. No replies by mail.

Della Stamper.—The Yantic River is in the State of Connecticut.

A Subscriber (Toledo).—King Edward VII. belongs to the House of Hanover, which bears the family name of Guelph.

Mrs. L. M. H.—Mrs. Wheatcroft conducts her dramatic school in New York City. A letter simply so addressed will reach her.

A Litchfield Subscriber.—Your three half dollars of 1834-36-39 are not worth any premiums. The letters around the edge add nothing to the value of these coins.

O. C.—Send for a theatrical paper which will contain in its professional columns the addresses and notices you want. "The Dramatic Mirror" of New York City is one of the best journals of this kind.

A Chicago Subscriber.—In our issue of December 13 you will find your query answered, to wit: That after March, 1903, the ratio of population to representatives is 208,868 to one member of the House.

T. E. M. K. A.—"The Sign of the Cross" was dramatized and produced by Wilson Barrett himself. Your Columbus half-dollar of 1892 is worth five cents more than face value. The other, 1893, bears no premium.

A Subscriber (New York).—Your white cent comes within a year of being valuable. Bearing the date of 1857 makes it ordinary currency. If it had borne "1856" it would have been worth from two to six dollars!

A. A. S.—You could obtain all particulars about a sleeping-car conductor's duties, his requirements and salary, by applying either in person or at writing to the employment bureau connected with all big railroads.

B. E. Tunnison.—We advise you to read the advertisement columns of leading newspapers, or use the same medium to voice your wants. It might be a profitable plan to send a few letters to firms you think would likely need such services.

Royal K. W.—There are many excellent law schools throughout the United States; especially good are those of Harvard, Yale, Columbia, Boston University, Chicago Correspondence School of Law, Illinois College of Law and New York Law School.

E. A. P.—Neither of your half-dollar pieces—1832 and 1835—bears any premium. They are worth but face value.

As for your gold quarter of a dollar, we never knew of such coinage. Please send us more details about it. Could you have meant quarter eagle?

A. A.—The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad has the largest locomotive ever constructed in the country. It was built by the Baldwin Locomotive Works. It is a heavy freight engine and weighs altogether 400,000 pounds, and has a tank capacity of 7,000 gallons. It was built in April, 1902.

Weekly.—The picture you refer to we suppose is the full page in the issue of November 29. Placing your finger on the first "o" in the word "commission," move it up the picture; you will find John Mitchell seated just below the last man on the extreme right of the judge's bench.

Max.—While all of your coins are old and curious, only one of them is worth any premium. That is, your copper penny of 1798, which is worth from two cents to a quarter of a dollar. If you have a collection of various pieces why not write to a coin-dealer and buy a catalogue?

L. Smith.—Ferdinand II., titular King of Portugal, married Miss Elise Hensler of Boston in 1869. She was the daughter of a shoemaker and a lady of rare beauty and voice. When Don Ferdinand died in 1885 he left her one-third of his property. She bears the title of Countess of Edla.

L. A. Schneider.—Your half dollars bearing the dates of 1807, 1825, 1829 and 1834 are of no special value. If your coin of 1836 has a milled edge it is worth from one to two dollars. But if it is that variety with "E Pluribus Unum" over eagle and letters on edge, it is not at a premium.

Thomas S. Thompson.—The total estimated mileage of railroad in the world is 479,900; United States, 103,345; Great Britain and Ireland, 22,671; France, 26,234; all Germany, 31,392; Russia (including Finland), 28,589; Austria-Hungary, 21,545; Belgium, 3,850; British North America, 17,250.

H. E. M.—Reckon from the birth of Christ, calling 101 the beginning of the second century and you will find out to your satisfaction why we are in the twentieth century now, on the identical principle of your own years. The hour after your nineteenth birthday is the commencement of your twentieth year.

L. H. S.—Take the subject for your essay from things directly around you. Don't attempt to attack perpetual motion or any other world problem. Say, a paper "On the

Value of Little Things," or a kindred theme, would work out very well. One thing keep before you: Be familiar with what you treat.

M., Natchez, E. S. Coffin, C. B. E., E. T., H. E. H. and Others.—Following you will find the table of figures giving number of votes cast for Governors in their respective States on last election day. The data were furnished by the various State Secretaries: New York, 1,384,116; Pennsylvania, 1,094,713; Michigan, 402,199.

C. E. Himes.—Keep your borer wet with a solution of camphor dissolved in turpentine. The ragged edges of glass vessels may also be thus easily smoothed by a flat file. Even the brittle glass can be wrought almost as easily as brass by the use of cutting tools kept constantly moist with camphorized oil of turpentine.

H. J. S.—Though we can not select any special business school for you in either Jackson or Detroit, where there are some excellent ones, we can help you in finding a way to your end. There are a number of agencies which give this sort of advice, among others, the Pratt Teachers' Agency, New York City, and the Educators' Exchange, Boston, Mass.

B. C.—Write to the corresponding secretary of the college for prospectus, at the same time stating the courses you wish to pursue. Expenses at Yale University are estimated: Tuition, per annum, \$100 to \$150; living expenses, board, etc., \$150 to \$450; other expenses, such as fees, books, etc., \$20 to \$100. There are between 2,500 and 3,000 students attending Yale.

A Regular Reader.—Surely the poet is as worthy of his hire as a plowman. Why shouldn't we pay for his work? Real poetry is well worth buying always, but it is rare, and few are gifted to produce it. We advise you to keep away from verse-making, unless you genuinely feel an uncontrollable impulse—even then the way is hard and strewn with disappointments.

Wheelman.—The League of American Wheelmen is a protective association for lovers of the "steel steed." Any white person of good character, with the indorsement of two League members, is eligible to membership. Dues are \$2 the first year and \$1 annually thereafter. Associate membership fifty cents. Life membership \$10. The President, Horatio J. Earle, lives in Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. Charles O. Miller.—Many of our friends have asked your question. To all we have replied that they should examine the daily newspaper "want"

columns, or insert an advertisement offering their services. Suppose you try this, too, or write to any large firms in your vicinity stating your desire. Handwriting like yours should be a splendid recommendation itself.

B. H. Decker.—In the Bible no account of Cain's wife is given directly. He went into the land of Nod, begot a son, Enoch, and that is all we are told in Genesis. Byron, in one of his poems, calls Cain's wife by the name of Adah. In the Koran Cain and Abel are called Kabil and Habil, and the tradition as there given states that Cain was commanded to marry Abel's sister.

Noel Womlas.—Any of the new encyclopedias will give you a great deal of information about the subject. In many of the magazines during the past year there have been numerous articles on aerial navigation, by Santos Dumont and others. We recommend to you two useful books, "Conquest of the Air," by J. Alexander and "Aerodynamics," by Professor S. P. Langley.

Nellie Brown.—A strong desire to overcome the difficulty and untiring vigilance to back it up should be leaven to your labor. During the course of everyday reading, watch how every word is spelled, writing it down a dozen times if necessary to stamp it in your mind. Alfred Ayres' books, "The Orthoepist" and "The Verbalist," should be of great help. Order one or both through your book dealer.

A Shreveport Reader.—The double task we think almost too much for any man, still, if your vitality holds out and you desire to do the evening work only temporarily to further an ambition, go ahead. But do not strain and tax your powers over much. When nature gives the first signal of distress, give heed to her warning. While doing your double round of work try to get daily a half hour of fresh air for deep breathing.

A Constant Reader.—There are hundreds of handbooks containing directions on how to read fortunes from playing cards. Even a village store of odds and ends usually has a Dream Book on sale, which, as a rule, contains the coveted information. If you fail to secure the book you want through ordinary means, write to either of the following publishers: J. S. Ogilvie of New York City, or The Alhambra Book Company of Chicago.

The Inevitable Price

THERE was a delightful schoolmistress who used thus to impress on her scholars certain refined distinctions: "My dears, horses 'sweat,' young men 'perspire,' young ladies 'are all in a glow.'" In these outspoken days, when a spade is called at very mildest a spade, the gentle euphuism is a matter for amusement, to be laughed at with affectionate patronage like an old-time gown out of a grandmother's chest. Young ladies have disappeared and girls get quite as warm as their brothers nowadays, and on the whole the change is vastly for the better, frankness being own sister to truth and mortal foe to affectation. Yet, the further we go from the brocade days, the more inevitably we must recognize a price paid for our freedom, a certain stately charm gone out of life and human intercourse. The formality of those times made barriers, and in barriers, after all, lie the half of romance. It is the face beneath the veil that we are most eager to see, the voice behind the wall that tempts us to most strenuous climbing. What could be prettier or more inaccessible than a young lady all in a glow?

Man is still at heart essentially old-fashioned, and the modern girl, rejoicing in her new equipment of frankness and courage and unconventionality, sometimes finds him strangely unresponsive. Theoretically he is thoroughly in sympathy with her, as a reasonable being needs must be, but for all that he dimly realizes that something is missing—a price has been paid. The ostentatiously modest scoop bonnet, with its defensive ruffle behind and its lace curtain across the front, gave a piquancy that the unveiled intercourse of to-day can never attain. We have better things than piquancy, perhaps. Yet a portion of the glamour inevitably went with the foolish but alluring practices of the days when the dame made a court'sy to the dog's bow-wow.

A New Decalogue

A NEW ten commandments, which the people of Reggio, in northern Italy, have lately adopted, is of wide interest. This new decalogue is not primarily for grown-ups, but for the children of the town, and it is expected that the little folks will, in their schools, learn the ten rules by heart.

Love thy schoolmates, for they will be thy co-workers for life.
Love knowledge, the bread of intellect. Cherish the same gratitude toward thy teachers as toward thy father and mother.

Make every day thou livest the occasion for some good and beneficial deed; always sow the seeds of kindness.
Honor good men and true women, esteem all men as equals, bend thy knee to no one.

Do not bear hatred to anybody; don't insult people. The word revenge shall not be in thy vocabulary, but stand up for thy rights and resist oppression.

Don't be a coward; stand by the weak and respect and love justice.
Remember that all goods of this world are the products of labor. Whoever takes the good things of this world without giving their equivalent in labor robs the diligent of their just dues.

Exercise thy mind; observe and think and try to ascertain the truth of all things. Believe in nothing mysterious, in nothing unreasonable; use no deception either toward thyself or others.

Do not assume that to be patriotic one must hate other nations or glory in war. War is a relic of barbarism.

Let it be thy purpose in life to hasten the day when all men, as free citizens of a free state, shall live in peace and happiness, in true brotherhood.

The Lion's Mouth

THE LION'S MOUTH is a department of COLLIER'S WEEKLY which distributes monthly prizes, aggregating in value \$329.00, with opportunities for cumulative winnings, the greatest of which amounts to \$1,000 in cash. The prizes in the February contest are awarded for answers to the following questions:

1. Which of the four numbers published in February do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
2. Which article in these four numbers do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
3. Which story do you like best, and which do you like least, and why; and are you reading the serial?
4. Which drawing (this includes the cover) do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
5. Which photograph, or series of photographs, do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
6. Which department in COLLIER'S WEEKLY do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
7. Which feature of the Household Number do you like best, and which do you like least, and why?
8. What feature of COLLIER'S WEEKLY, if any, is not to your liking?
9. What suggestion can you make that, in your opinion, will improve COLLIER'S WEEKLY?
10. What publication, apart from COLLIER'S WEEKLY, do you like best, and why?

There is a booklet which tells all about this competition, and which may be had upon request with a remittance of four cents for postage. The book is exquisitely illustrated in colors by C. D. Gibson, Edward Penfield, Frederic Remington, Henry Hutt and many others. Address your request for it to THE LION'S MOUTH, 416 West Thirteenth Street, New York City.

COSTS NOTHING TO INVESTIGATE. WRITE FOR OUR PROPOSITION ANYWAY

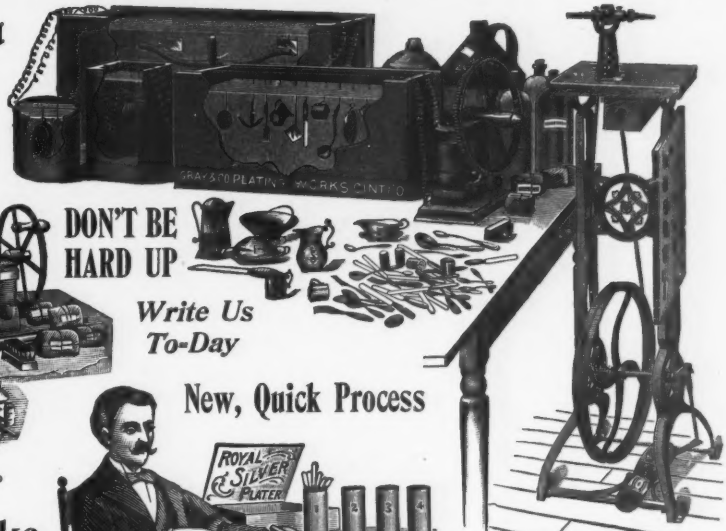
\$20 to \$35 and Expenses Weekly \$1000 to \$1500 Annual Income

NO EXPERIENCE
REQUIRED

Let Us Start You
WRITE TO-DAY
Big Profits



TRAVELING OUTFIT FOR GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING



SHOP OUTFIT FOR GOLD, SILVER AND NICKEL PLATING

No Humbug, Fake or Toy Proposition

An Honest, Legitimate Enterprise,
Backed By An Old, Reliable, Responsible Firm, Capital \$100,000.

What Is the Use of Your Slaving Longer for Some One Else

Why not start a business for yourself, reap all the profits and get a standing in your locality. If you are in some one's employ, remember he will not continue to pay you a salary only so long as he can make profit out of your labor.

In this era every bright man and woman is looking to own a business, to employ help, and to make money.

It is just as easy to make money for yourself as it is to coin money for some grasping employer, who pays you a small salary each week.

If you are making less than \$30 weekly it will pay you to read this announcement, for it will not appear again in this paper.

If you read it and take advantage of the opportunity offered, you will never regret it. To own a business yourself is certainly your ambition.

We start you in a profitable business. Teach you absolutely free how to conduct it.

To show you what others have done, we quote the expressions of a few who have made money in the nickel, gold, silver and metal plating business:

"MR. REED MADE \$88.16 THE FIRST 3 DAYS." Mr. Cox writes: "Get all I can do. Elegant business. Customers happy." Dave Crawford writes: "The first week I had my outfit I made \$42.75." E. D. Waterbury writes: "Am 60 years old. Just completed job 1300 pieces tableware. I clear about \$6.00 a day profit."

Gentlemen and ladies positively make \$5 to \$15 a day at home or traveling, taking orders, using, selling and appointing agents for PROF. GRAY'S Latest improved, Guaranteed Plating Machines and Outfits. NO FAKE OR TOYS, but genuine, practical, complete, scientific outfits for doing the finest of plating on WATCHES, JEWELRY, KNIVES, FORKS, SPOONS, CASTORS, TABLEWARE OF ALL KINDS, B. CYCLES, SEWING MACHINES, SWORDS, REVOLVERS, HARNESS AND BUGGY TRIMMINGS, metal specialties; in fact all kinds of metal goods. HEAVY THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR FOR YEARS. No experience necessary.

There is really a wonderful demand for replating. You can do business at nearly every house, store, office or factory. Almost every family has from \$2 to \$10 worth of tableware to be plated, besides watches, jewelry, bicycles, etc.

Every boarding house, hotel, restaurant, college or public institution has from \$5 to \$75 worth of work to be plated. Every jeweler, repair or bicycle shop, every dentist, doctor and surgeon, every man, woman and child you meet has either a watch, some jewelry, bicycles, instruments, or some articles needing plating.

Besides the above there are hundreds of patentees and manufacturers of metal goods, bicycles, sewing machines and typewriter repair shops who want their goods plated, or to whom you can sell a plating outfit, furnishing them supplies for doing their own plating.

Retail Stores who handle hardware, harness, tableware and plated or metal goods all need a plating and polishing outfit for refinishing goods that become worn, soiled, rusty or tarnished.

Every Undertaker requires a plating outfit for repairing and finishing coffin and hearse trimmings which are soiled, tarnished or worn.

Manufacturers are making and selling tons of new tableware, jewelry, bicycles and various kinds of metal goods every month which has only a very thin plate, which, in a few weeks, wears off, making the goods unsightly, unfit for future use unless plated.

DON'T BE
HARD UP

Write Us
To-Day

New, Quick Process



ROYAL SILVER OUTFIT IN OPERATION

Manufacturers of new goods do no replating on old goods whatever, but try to force the public to throw away the old and buy new at high prices, but this only makes the plating business better.

The more new thinly plated goods sold the greater will be the demand for plating. Place some articles for your friends and neighbors by Professor Gray's Process, and it quickly proves to them its genuineness and merit and that your plating is much thicker, will wear better and longer.



Factory and Warehouse of Gray & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio. Capital \$100,000. Employ 200 to 300 people daily.

than a large percentage of the new goods. Your trade is then established, and within a short time you will have all the goods you can plate.

Plate a few articles for your friends, call a few weeks, a few months, or five years later, and you will find the plate satisfactory, and they will give you every article they have needing to be plated.

When you deliver the goods plated to customers they will be well pleased, in fact, delighted with the work, will pay for it promptly, and you will be given on an average twice as much work to be plated as they gave you the first time you called.

You Can Do Plating So Cheap

that every person can afford to have their goods plated.

No tidy housekeeper will allow worn and rusty tableware to go before a guest when it can be restored and made equal to new.

No person will wear jewelry or a watch, or ride a bicycle, or use a typewriter, sewing machine, or any machine made of metal from which the plate is worn off when they see samples of your work and hear your prices. People in this day and generation are too sensible and economical to throw away their old goods and buy new when they can have their old goods replated for so small a cost, making them, in many cases, better than when new.

The best part of the plating business is that it increases fast and is permanent.

Put out your sign, secure your outfit, do a little work, and quickly you will be favored with orders. If you do not wish to do the plating yourself you can hire boys for \$3 or \$4 a week to do the work the same as we do, and solicitors to gather up goods to be plated on commission.

It is not hard work, but is pleasant, and especially so when your business is netting you \$20 to \$35 a week for 5 or 6 hours' work a day.

This is only a minimum income which may be earned by any one who is not lazy; hustlers should make \$100 weekly.

Tremendous Profits

The profits realized from plating are tremendous. To plate a set of teaspoons requires only about 2c. worth of metal and chemicals; a set of knives, forks or tablespoons about 3c. worth. The balance of the price received for the work is for the agent's time and profit.

Agents usually charge from 25c. to 50c. per set for plating teaspoons, from 50c. to 75c. for tablespoons and forks, and from 60c. to \$1.00 for knives. We allow you to set your own price for plating. Get as much as you can. You will have no competition. You know what it costs to plate the goods, and all you get over cost is profit. Some agents charge much more than the above prices, while others do the work for half and still make plenty of money.

Let us start you in business for yourself at once, don't delay a single day. Be your own boss. Be a money maker. We do all kinds of plating ourselves, have had years of experience, and are headquarters for plating supplies. We manufacture our own dynamos and outfits, all sizes, and send them out complete, with all tools, lathes, wheels and materials; everything ready for use. We teach you everything, furnish all receipts, formulas and trade secrets free, so that failure should be impossible, and any one who follows our directions and teachings can do fine plating with a little practice, and become a money maker.

The Royal Silver Outfit

Prof. Gray's Famous Discovery

THE NEW DIPPING PROCESS is the latest, quickest, easiest method known. Tableware plated by simply dipping in melted metal, taken out instantly, with a fine, brilliant, beautiful plate deposited. All ready to deliver to customers. MAKES THICK PLATE EVERY TIME. GUARANTEED TO WEAR 5 to 10 YEARS. A BOY PLATES 100 to 200 pieces tableware daily, from \$10 to \$30 worth of work, profits almost 1000 per cent. Goods come out of plate finely finished. No polishing, grinding, or work necessary, neither before or after plating.

You will not need to canvass. Agents write they have all the goods they can plate. People bring it for miles around. You can hire boys cheap to do your plating, the same as we do, and solicitors to gather work for a small per cent. Put a small advertisement or two in your local paper and you will have all the plating you can do. The plating business is honest and legitimate. Plating on our machines gives perfect satisfaction. Wears for years; customers are always delighted and recommend you and your work.

We are an old established firm, have been in business for years, know exactly what is required, furnish complete outfits, the same as we ourselves use, and customers always have the benefit of our experience. We are responsible and guarantee everything. Reader, here is a chance of a lifetime to go in business for yourself. We start you. Now is the time to make money.

FREE—Write Us To-Day

for our new plan and proposition; also valuable information how the plating is done. Sit down and write now, so we can start you without delay. If you wish to see a sample of plating by our Outfits, send 2c. postage. Send your address anyway.

GRAY & CO., Plating Works, 359 Miami Building, Cincinnati, Ohio

The above firm is thoroughly reliable and do just as they agree. The outfits are just as represented, and do fine plating, and after investigation we consider this one of the best paying businesses we have yet heard of.—Editor CHRISTIAN HERALD.

I Propose To More Than Double My Fee

My system is built around ALOIS P. SWOBODA. It depends upon me and my intimate knowledge of human ailments and their treatment.

There is a limit to my personal effort. I cannot give individual attention to more than a limited number of pupils.

I must either restrict the number of my pupils or neglect some of them.

I will not neglect a pupil—I certainly have no intention of reducing my income, hence the increase.

My system has always been worth more than twice the amount I have charged and many times as much as any other system.

Out of a spirit of fairness to those to whom I have already stated my fee, I make this public announcement so that they may either enroll themselves at once, or have no complaint at the future increase.

I cannot regard great swelling muscles, or the ability to snap chains and lift horses, or even a knowledge of the Marquis of Queensbury rules, as qualifying a man to keep in repair the most delicate of all organisms, the human system.

I am glad when a thinker begins to investigate the various systems for attaining physical excellence, for when a thinking man investigates, MY system is invariably selected. There is no other like it.

It is obviously impossible to imitate my instruction, not only because it differs according to the needs of each individual case, but also because my experience in the successful treatment of many thousands of different cases; my years of investigation and study along this particular line, cannot be counterfeited.

The breadth and depth of this knowledge—the determination and concentration which my individual

attention to each case demand, are evidenced by the fact that in spite of the volume of my business, my system is still able to effect the same unvarying, marvelous cures.

My instructions to my pupils are clearer and more effective than those of others because I speak from years of successful experience. I KNOW. There is no guess-work.

Scientific physiological exercise is NOT a fad. Fads do not cure hopeless cases of constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, neurasthenia, insomnia and rheumatism, liver trouble and nervous diseases of every description, etc.

My system not only does this, but it rounds out the ungraceful form, puts muscle where it is needed, cures obesity, purifies the blood and in fact, fits man, woman or child to nature's perfect mold.

It is right-living in condensed form. By it the evil effects of wrong-living are neutralized and a splendid condition of robust mental and physical health assured.

This is done without distasteful dieting and without discomfort of any nature.

It makes men strong, alert and graceful. It gives women beauty of figure and grace of carriage, with a clear skin, bright eyes and rosy cheeks.

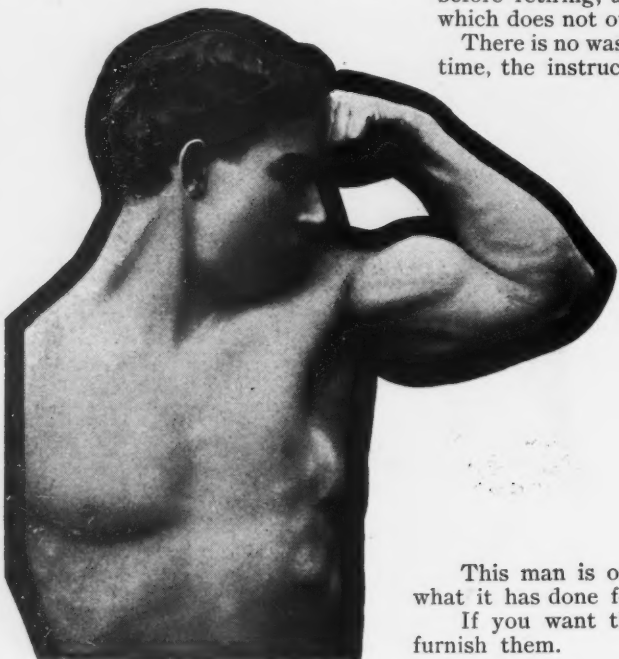
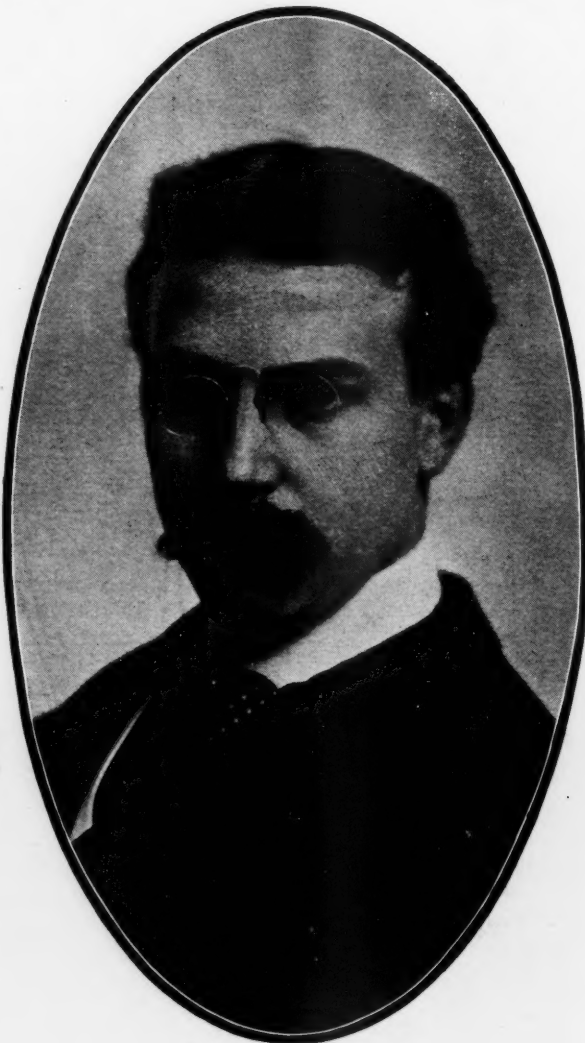
My system is taught by mail only and with perfect success, requires no apparatus whatever and but a few minutes' time in your own room just before retiring, and it is the only one which does not over-tax the heart.

There is no wasted effort, no wasted time, the instruction is entirely indi-

vidual and will fit the exact requirements of YOUR CASE.

I don't ask you to take my word for this. Judge me by my works—they speak louder than words.

Below is the unsolicited testimony of a man who knows through personal experience, what the Swoboda system will do.



Here is a letter received from the Cashier of the German National Bank of Marietta, Ohio. It Tells an interesting Story, Because It's True.

MARIETTA, OHIO, Feb. 21, 1902.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir:—It gives me pleasure to be able to testify to the benefits I have derived from your system of physiological exercise.

Last winter I suffered all the time with neuralgia in back of head and neck. I began this winter with same trouble. After four weeks under your system, I was entirely free from neuralgia pains and have not had a return of them. I have not felt so well, or enjoyed such good spirits in years as I have in the past few months, and I give your system the entire credit. It is great.

Yours very truly,

(Signed) S. L. ANGLE.

This man is one of thousands. He has no earthly interest in me or my system beyond what it has done for him.

If you want the names and addresses of others for personal investigation, I will gladly furnish them.

I shall be pleased to send you free valuable information and detailed outline of my system, its principles and effects, upon application. This information which I furnish free is very interesting and cannot be secured elsewhere at any price. Write at once.

ALOIS P. SWOBODA, 595 Unity, CHICAGO, ILL.